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BOOKS BY ROBERT MEDILL

A LITTLE BOOK OF BRITTANY  
NORWEGIAN TOWNS AND PEOPLE  
SWEDEN AND ITS PEOPLE  
FINLAND AND ITS PEOPLE  
SPANISH TOWNS AND PEOPLE  
*(in preparation)*





The Esplanade in Helsingfors, is one of the city's principal streets. In the center is a park promenade dotted with restaurants and band stands.

# FINLAND *and* ITS PEOPLE

BY

ROBERT MEDILL

AUTHOR OF "NORWEGIAN TOWNS AND PEOPLE,"  
"SWEDEN AND ITS PEOPLE," ETC.

*McBride, Robert Medill*



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# FINLAND AND ITS PEOPLE





## CHAPTER I

### THE NEW REPUBLIC OF THE NORTH

“**W**HAT do you know about Finland?” I asked an editor recently.

“Well,” he replied, “I suppose my impression is that of most people, that it’s the home of the Finns and Lapps and Eskimo somewhere up in the north of Europe.”

His surmise was fifty percent correct. The geographical location of Finland is assuredly in the north of Europe. As to the neighborliness of the several races mentioned his statement was somewhat wide of the mark. The Lapps to be sure are resident there but, numbering a bare two thousand and living their isolated and uneventful lives in the extreme north of the country, they are hardly to be reckoned with; the Eskimo are not even neighbors, for a thousand miles or more east and west where they are found can hardly be considered adjacent territory. The rest of the story is, in brief,

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that Finland is larger than the British Isles and its population exceeds three and a quarter million people.

After all, it is not wholly surprising that so little is known of Finland as a nation, when one considers how ignorant most of us are about, let us say, Poland, or Bohemia. These territories have all been subject nations, and Finland's dependency, until the epoch-making year of 1918 when its people became entirely independent, had endured for seven centuries. It is no small achievement for a numerically small race of people to have preserved its racial integrity for close to a thousand years, but the Finns have never lost their national consciousness. Finland to-day is a newcomer among the nations of Europe but old in its pride of race.

A Finnish Outline of History would show that the Finns originated, probably, in the Volga basin in the northeastern part of Russia where they are mentioned by Tacitus. Gradually driven north by the stronger tribes occupying that region, they settled first in what is now Esthonia, a part of them later crossing the Gulf of Finland, which forms the extreme eastern end of the Baltic, to occupy the Finnish

peninsula. There they flourished until King Eric IX of Sweden, accompanied by the Bishop of Upsala, landed on the coast of Finland in 1157 and introduced Christianity. Thereafter the history of Sweden becomes the history of Finland and for nearly six centuries these two countries remained united, the Finns electing representatives to the Swedish Parliament, becoming a part of the Empire and enjoying the same rights and privileges as the Swedish people themselves. The sovereignty of the Swedish kings however was maintained not without constant wars with the Russians who were successfully beaten off by the combined effort of both the Swedes and the Finns until the early part of the eighteenth century. During this time the territory of Finland was continually ravaged. Russia, at that period, finally succeeded in gaining a foothold in the eastern part of the country and annexed it. A century later, in 1808, the Russians without making a declaration of war crossed the border and seized the country against the futile defense of the Swedish king. At the peace treaty the following year Finland entered the Russian empire as a Grand Duchy.

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At the assembled Diet of the Estates of Finland in Borga on the 27th of March, 1809, the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I, signed a decree, guaranteeing the constitution of Finland, conceived in the following terms:

"We Alexander by the Grace of God Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, etc.; Grand Duke of Finland, etc., etc., proclaim that: The will of the Almighty has given into Our possession the Grand Duchy of Finland, and therefore We desire by this to confirm and sanction the religion and fundamental laws of the country, as well as the rights and privileges in each particular order in the Grand Duchy, and all that her inhabitants in general, both high and low, have enjoyed up to now in virtue of the constitution. We promise to maintain all these advantages and laws in force without alteration or change."

The Estates of Finland, assembled in the cathedral, took the oath of fidelity on the 29th of March, 1809, after which Alexander I was proclaimed Grand Duke of Finland. By the treaty of peace signed in Hamina the following September, the king of Sweden renounced all rights to Finland, acknowledging the treaty concluded



(Above) Finland has three thousand miles of railway along which stations like this appear. (Below) At railway stations and steamboat docks native women and children offer wild berries for sale.



Because of its thousands of lakes and watercourses and great stretches of shore, fishing is one of Finland's important industries and in it the women do their share.

by Alexander I and the Estates of Finland as an accomplished fact.

Although henceforth under Russian dominance, the Finnish people always enjoyed complete internal autonomy. Finland has, in fact, since 1809, existed as a fully organized state, a constitutional Grand Duchy, with its own laws and institutions administered by Finnish officials, its own legislative Diet, judicial system, finances and, since 1861, its own monetary system. Only the control of its foreign policy was reserved by Russia. The laws and institutions of Finland were entirely Swedish, inherited from the era of Swedish rule. The languages of the people remained Finnish and Swedish. The educational system was developed in accordance with western civilization and thought, and the country's economic development continued without hindrance. Thus at the end of the nineteenth century Finland shone like a beacon in the gloom gathering over the Russian Empire.

A change took place however with the accession of Nicholas, the late czar, who, in his desire to strengthen his grip on his dominions, imposed one restriction after another until



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**Finland lost a substantial share of political control over its own destinies. Like his predecessors he had, as Grand Duke of Finland, sworn to uphold the Finnish constitution, but he broke his oath and attempted to establish the rule of the corrupt Russian bureaucracy. Finland was permitted to maintain no army or navy and, when the Great War came and there seemed a signal opportunity for her to break her shackles, she could only pray and not fight for the defeat of Russia. Then the unexpected happened. The Czar was deposed and constitutional liberty came to Russia and to Finland as well.**

**But the end was not yet, for, like a hideous spectre, appeared the Red Terror. Financed and directed by the Russian communists and aided by their arms and levies, the forces of labor in Finland succeeded in overthrowing the existing state of affairs and established a Soviet regime. It seemed to the Finns that their last state was to be worse than their first. A White army was quickly organized and put in the field under the command of General Mannerheim. Despite an almost total lack of arms and military training the White troops com-**

## NEW REPUBLIC OF THE NORTH 9

menced operations in the north, the only part of the country not under the complete control of the communists, by disarming the Red troops and redeeming the more isolated communities. After a month of fighting against tremendous odds the entire northern part of Finland fell to the White army. While the success of the movement was encouraging, its leaders saw little hope of quick military success against fanatical numbers constantly reinforced and well supplied with arms and munitions from the immense stores of the Russian army. It was probable that before the revolutionists could be dislodged from the south of Finland, comprising all the large cities and the chief industrial sections, the country would be in a state of economic ruin. Sweden was asked to send aid but refused, fearing entanglements with the Russians. The Germans were next appealed to, and late in February, 1918, the German military authorities forwarded large consignments of arms and munitions. The White army, thus equipped and aided by German forces operating in the southwest, overcame the terror in a short sharp war and established a government.

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Finland is called "The Land of a Thousand Lakes," but it might just as well be called "The Land of Forty Thousand Lakes," or for that matter "The Land of Forty Thousand Lakes and Islands." There were at least that many or more when the official mathematician stopped counting. The map of Finland is literally pock-marked with watercourses. The whole interior consists of a vast network of lakes and rivers and it is difficult to determine where one lake ends and the next begins. These bodies of water stretch for hundreds of miles through the interior, forming continuous waterways. On these liquid highways scores of steamers ply their routes, carrying passengers and freight to the hamlets and villages along their shores. Like our smaller excursion boats these steamers have restaurants and staterooms for the accommodation of long-distance travelers. Inland journeys that require all night travel can thus be made with comfort and convenience. The lakes of Finland are dotted by innumerable islands clothed with forests of pine and fir, spruce and birch. Among these islands the steamers sail along some of the finest wooded thoroughfares in the world, almost un-

tenanted by man, through channels so narrow that the proverbial biscuit might easily be tossed on shore. Here and there at long intervals are clearings where pioneering farmers have cleared the land. The lake steamers make frequent stops on their long journeys, their ports of call for the most part being simple docks of timber or crude platforms which lead away to a cluster of primitive frame buildings or into a clearing where only a single house is visible. The captains are expert in making the landings. As the approach is made they signal the engine-room, the vessel with diminishing speed comes alongside the dock, a deck-hand with a coil of rope skilfully lassoes the stanchion, the engine-room bell rings again to reverse the engine and the stop is made in little more time than it takes to tell it.

Very similar in character is the journey through the Baltic between Stockholm and Helsingfors. Going to Finland by that route you pass through the most extensive archipelago in the world. There are something like thirty thousand islands in this littoral, rock encrusted and crowned by miniature forests, and through them, in the tideless waters of the Baltic, your

## 12 FINLAND AND ITS PEOPLE

steamer threads its way. Navigation in these island-studded waters seems a complicated affair, but the mariner unerringly finds his way through the maze of waterways, laying his route by tiny lighthouses, beacons, buoys, cairns of stones piled on shore, farm buildings and other landmarks. Incidentally in natural scenery this is one of the most delightful coastal trips in Europe.

Finland may seem very remote and difficult of access, yet it can be reached from Stockholm across the waters of the Baltic in sixteen hours. From Stettin in Germany, a few hours north of Berlin, Helsingfors is only thirty-six hours distant by steamer, and it is but an afternoon's sail across the Finnish gulf from Reval in Esthonia, although to the traveler coming from western Europe this route necessitates a considerable train journey across eastern Germany and through the Baltic Provinces. Finland too is linked up commercially with England and Denmark through a direct steamer service, under the Finnish flag, with Hull and Copenhagen. Incidentally Finland has a commercial fleet of more than five thousand vessels, of which eight hundred are steamships, and these maintain

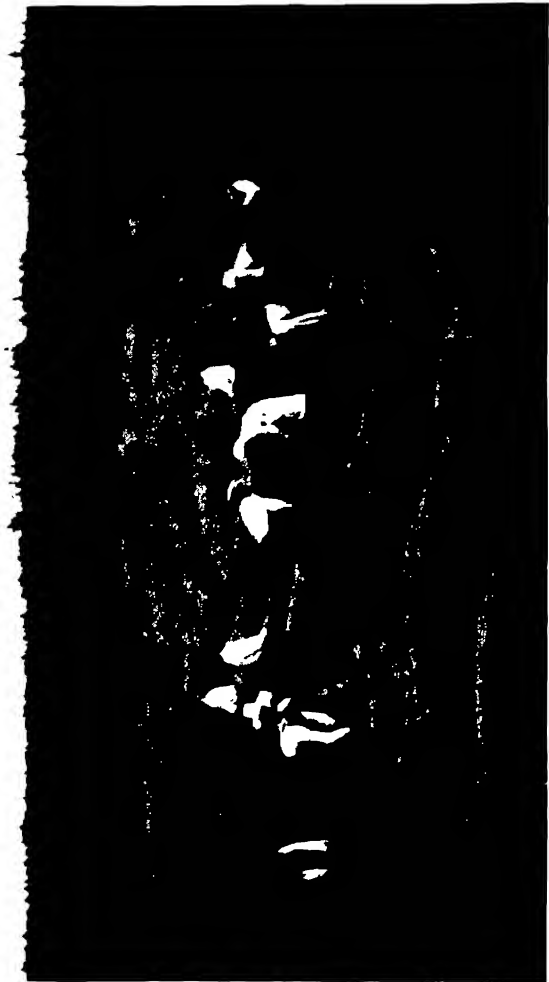
trade routes in the Baltic and with the countries of the world.

In area Finland is one of the largest states in Europe and is destined to occupy an increasingly important position in the affairs of northern Europe. Somewhat larger than the total area of the British Isles it possesses a natural wealth in timber alone, which through proper control now exercised by the state, will insure an income of no mean proportions to the people and state for generations. More than half the surface of Finland is covered by forests of which upwards of 40 percent belongs to the State. This Government timber land is under scientific forest control which should insure protection of its great wealth for all time. And in no other country in the world is the timber so easily harvested, for the abundant lakes and rivers, with their rapid currents, provide flowing roads over which the annual cuttings of logs are propelled without other power than that of the surging waters. In addition to their economic wealth, the forests of the country are valuable for their influence on the climate distributing the rains and protecting the country against cold winds and excessive frosts.

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Forestry is not the only industry in Finland that exacts tribute from the rest of the world. Dairying and agriculture both produce exportable wealth of no mean importance. Eight thousand two hundred and forty-eight tons of butter, for example, were shipped to other countries during 1924. Finland is not usually regarded as an industrial country but its industries have been growing rapidly during the last twenty-five years and they now comprise a surprising number and diversity of manufactures. Finland's linen, tobacco and leather factories, not to mention paper mills which are, of course, a product of its forests, are the greatest in northern Europe.

Have you thought of this country of extensive forests and multitudinous lakes and rivers as a part of the frigid north, subject to temperatures that are almost polar in their severity? Although the Arctic Circle intersects the upper reaches of Finland and the North Star shines almost directly overhead, nevertheless, with the exception of Norway, which has the Gulf Stream at its door, Finland has a milder climate than any other country situated so far from the equator. Finland is in the same lati-



Men and women and children gather the crops that mature quickly under the long northern sun.  
Sixty-five per cent of Finland's population are engaged in agriculture, dairying and forestry.





In the harvest season the grass, after it has been cut, is hung to dry on upright poles and racks and is then conveyed to the barns, often by such primitive means as this.

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tude as perpetually ice-bound Greenland and bleak Siberia, whose dreary wastes are swept by the bitter, withering winds of the Arctic, yet its many lakes, its low altitude, the influence of the Gulf Stream, the warm waters of the Baltic, and the prevailing southwesterly winds, combine to keep the temperature in the south, at Helsingfors, for the coldest month of the year at an average of twenty-three degrees Fahrenheit. Undergoing less variation of temperature the cold, however, is more continuous than that of the countries to the south. Thus the lakes freeze and the ground is covered with deep snow through most of the winter. The winter of 1924-25 was an exception, there being no snow in southern Finland until February. Even the Baltic becomes choked with ice and communication with Helsingfors is maintained only through the use of ice breakers, of which the Finnish government owns three. Frequently even these efficient ice crushers are unavailing and navigation with the capital city is closed altogether. When that situation occurs the Baltic steamers discharge their cargoes at Abo, the ancient capital which lies considerably to the west, or at Hango which, on its peninsula

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thrust out into the open waters of the Baltic, is never ice-bound. Summer brings sunny weather in Finland and a pleasant warmth, but hot weather rarely afflicts the inhabitants and an overcoat is an indispensable article to have at hand.

The Finns have not entirely escaped the racial question and thereby hangs a study in ethnography that is not without interest. Nearly eight centuries ago the Swedes set sail across the Gulf of Bothnia to Christianize the Finns, who were not then in a state of complete barbarism but possessed many elements of advanced culture. Numbers of the Swedish crusaders found the land good and joined the Swedish population already settled there through gradual infiltration during previous generations. These colonies of Swedes established themselves mainly in the Finnish Archipelago, which stretches from Sweden across the Baltic like a series of stepping stones forming a closely knit chain from the Aland Sea to the Finnish mainland, and beyond these islands, on the Finnish west and southwest coasts. There they remained for generation after generation, century after century, multiplying, becoming an integral part of

Finland and sharing with the Finns the responsibilities of governmental office and an important position in the economic and cultural life of this nation.

And there they are to-day, a recognizable entity, many of them unable to speak the Finnish language. There are three and a third million people in Finland. Racially twelve percent of these are Swedish. The Lapps, aborigines, residing entirely in Finnish Lapland in the far north, number a bare two thousand. Of the Russians only four or five thousand remain, confined largely to the Carelian Isthmus connecting Finland with Russia. During the long period of political unity with Sweden Scandinavian thought and culture entered so thoroughly into the life of Finland that the country bears the Scandinavian stamp and is commonly thought of as a Scandinavian country. Geographically Finland is the line of demarcation between the civilization of the East and West. It is Western culture's farthest outpost, for Finland has always looked west for its political ideas and intellectual development, remaining unaffected by influences from the east.

But here is a miracle. For centuries the

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Swedes and Finns have lived side by side. Racially they are different. Neither is indigenous to the soil. The Finns have a tenancy that antedates that of Swedes by some centuries, although in the western sections they were probably coeval, but both have occupied the land so long that they are irrevocably a part of it. Yet in the far west they have never intermarried to such an extent that they have become amalgamated and in other sections the racial strain is easily distinguishable. In America each race would have lost its nationality in a generation or two, the native language would have been completely forgotten, customs would have changed, former political thought and affiliations would have been ignored, ancient jealousies and rivalries cast aside. Yet in old-world Finland each of these two strains exhibits its own individuality, each retaining its ancestral language and newspapers, although the educated people have a perfect command of both tongues, each equally influential in affairs of state, business and the arts. Under these conditions there is bound to be a trace of jealousy, yet the thinking people of Finland among the Finns realize the debt

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that is owed to the Swedes for their great contribution to the culture and government of the country, and the Swedes on the other hand recognize the greater preponderance of Finnish population and their share in the development of the land. Under the republic these racial loyalties are bound to become less marked. Here one might draw an analogy with Switzerland where the French, German and Italian Swiss have maintained for centuries a notable loyalty to each other in their common devotion to the soil. The wide regard for learning that characterizes the Finnish people is at least a safeguard against blind prejudice and thoughtless antagonisms. In no country in the world is education more universal. In spite of its ~~thinly~~ scattered population Finland has proportionately more elementary schools than almost any other country. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, even in its wildest parts, no child needs to journey more than three miles to school.

The development of Finland has been coincident with the expansion of its means of communication. Except in the wastes of the far north, the railroads supplement the numerous

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steamships that ply on the inland waters and serve the needs of the Republic. In 1862 there were only sixty miles of railroad; to-day there are three thousand miles. And railroad travel there is the cleanest in the world. Finland, without coal deposits, relies on her forests for fuel, and the use of wood is universal. It is burned in the locomotives and the absence of soot makes glad the heart of the traveler.

In the matter of suffrage and political progress, Finland has distinguished itself as one of the most progressive states of the world. Universal suffrage was introduced as long ago as 1907 and all citizens of twenty-four and over have the ballot. Women possess the same civil rights as men. Finland is a democracy patterned after the French and British systems. The administration is in the hands of a president elected for six years, and the executive control is exercised by a prime minister and a cabinet selected by him. The law-making body is the Diet, a single chamber consisting of two hundred members.

The record of the first few years of the Republic of Finland is an enviable one, hardly equalled by any other country of Europe. In



**Finland, showing its geographic relation to the other countries of Northeastern Europe.**

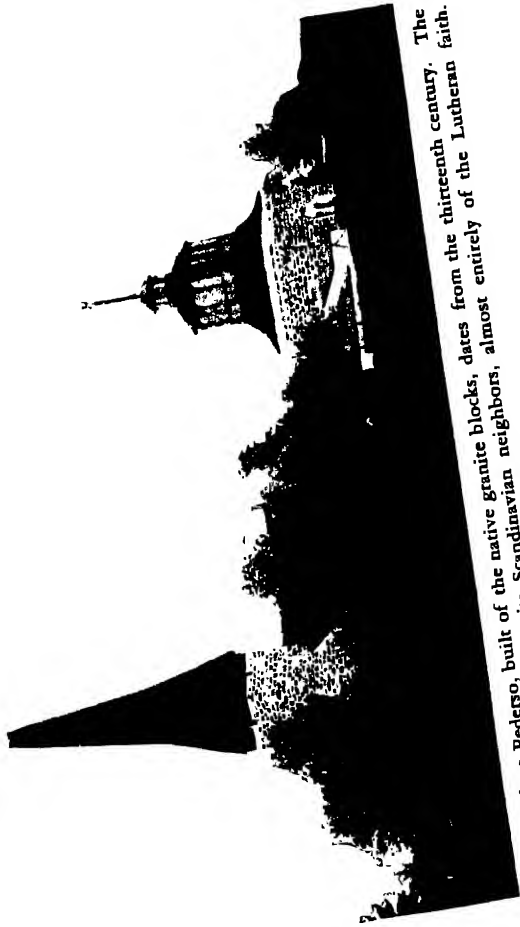


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December, 1924, it celebrated the sixth anniversary of its birth. It has borrowed less money per capita than any country in Europe, it has long since stabilized its currency, it has balanced its budget and is one of the first, if not the first, nations in Europe to do so.

The figures for 1922-23-24 show a tendency for Finland's exports to exceed her imports. In 1924 the excess of exports amounted to 252,000,000 finmarks. This favorable balance of trade inevitably points toward lower taxes.

Finland is developing its railroads, harbors, water power and industries; its educational system is being constantly extended and developed, so that the country's exceptionally low percentage of illiteracy, one-half of one percent, will, in all likelihood, be reduced to the vanishing point; athletics and sport which have heretofore not been neglected, as is evidenced by the record of third place earned in the last two Olympiads at Stockholm and Antwerp, and second place at Paris in 1924, surpassed only by the United States, are being encouraged, and in many other ways Finland has taken her place among the most progressive and energetic of the European nations.



This church at Pederso, built of the native granite blocks, dates from the thirteenth century. The population of Finland is, like its Scandinavian neighbors, almost entirely of the Lutheran faith.



In Summer the Ulea River is filled with floating timber on its way to the paper and saw mills. Half of the area of Finland is covered with forests.

## CHAPTER II

### HELSINGFORS

**A**S you approach Helsingfors through the labyrinthine channels of the island-dotted waters of the Baltic the city comes into view while you are yet a considerable distance away. Out of the waters of the Finnish Gulf appears a grove of turrets and spires set on the edge of the level shore. A nearer approach reveals a skyline that is unusually effective, for on dominating heights within the city the Finns have set their finest buildings and dozens of towers and spires pierce the sky, silhouetted sharply against the glow of the evening sun. The harbor seems completely blocked by a chain of islands that lie off its mouth, but as your steamer proceeds a wide channel opens up and you sweep around the last island to see Helsingfors spread before you in an approximate semi-circle. The streets, squares and buildings of the city line this arc to the very edge of the bay.

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The water is deep and in consequence no docks projecting into the sparkling waters of the bay disfigure its contour. Instead a stone quay edges the harbor, your steamer comes slowly alongside and you land on the city's streets. The first impression is a pleasant one.

Helsingfors is not a city of frontier aspect with crude buildings and unpaved streets, although many people have this impression of the capital city of the remote and hitherto inconspicuous Finnish state. On the contrary it is a pleasant modern city of fine stone buildings and ample streets set with a harbor that yields to few in size and splendor. To the left on one side of the port a public park containing an astronomical observatory crowns a sharply rising hill, and from this an extensive view of the adjacent waters greets the eye; to the right is a group of public buildings, among which is the residence of the President of the Republic, formerly the Palace of the Czar on the rare occasions when, as its Grand Duke, he visited his Finnish domain, and adjoining these buildings is another hill on which is boldly situated the Russian cathedral now no longer functioning because of the scarcity of parishioners. The

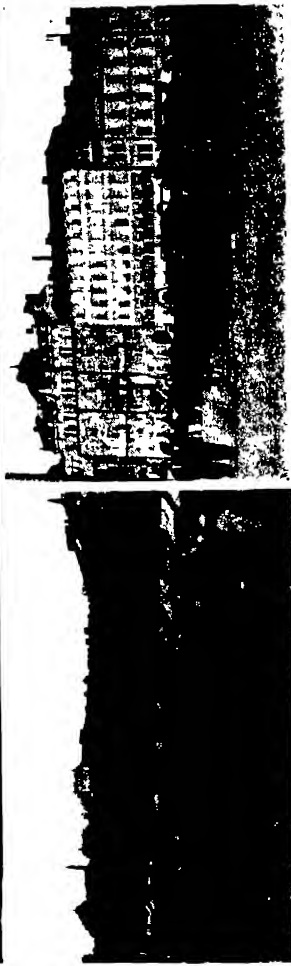
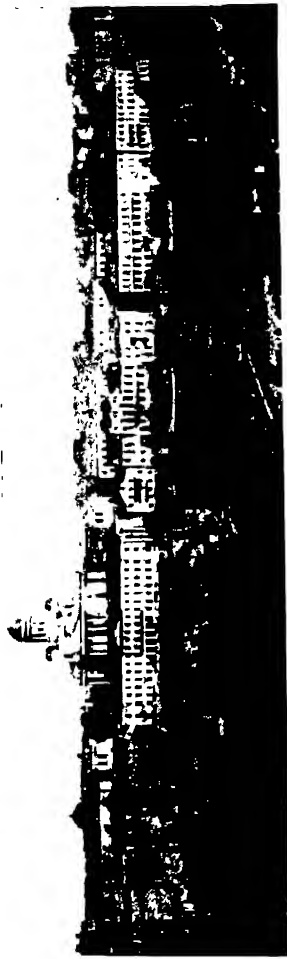
city is cupped within these hills, and from the marketplace by the water, running through the heart of the town, is the Esplanade, a broad-parked thoroughfare lined with business buildings and adorned in the center by trees and lawn where restaurants dispense food and music to the city's population. This may sound as though the city were very elaborate, but that is not the case. It is not pretentious, but pleasant rather. Helsingfors is built upon a fairly modest scale, for its population numbers only 180,000 people, and it cannot be compared in splendor to the great capitals of Europe.

Helsingfors was founded by the great Gustavus Vasa of Sweden in 1550, three miles from the present site of the town, but was reestablished in its present locality by Queen Christina in 1639. It was of little importance until it became the capital of Finland in 1812. Indeed, when the Russians assumed control in 1809 it contained but five thousand people. A Baedeker, which I have before me, issued prior to the war, states that Helsingfors "is entirely modern, in some respects suggesting America rather than Europe." The reference

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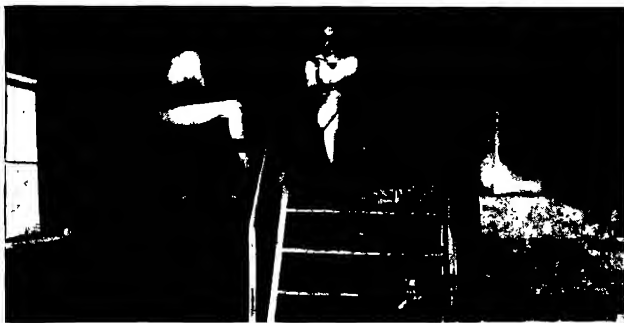
is undoubtedly to the rows of new buildings that line the streets which are characterized by the architecture of northern Europe, a type of architecture that prevails largely in our cities of the last generation. Some of the streets show considerable German influence in architecture; in others low squat buildings, relics of the simple construction of the early days, stand out in sharp contrast. Here and there appear striking examples of modern Finnish architecture, commanding in their dignity and size.

The most animated part of the city is the marketplace, which occupies the broad plaza at the quay where the steamers tie up, and a most convenient spot for the fishermen and farmers, many of whom convey their produce to the market in small boats. Here, in this great open square, is held the daily market and here come the housewives of the city to buy everything needed in their housekeeping—fish, vegetables of every kind, fruit, especially the native strawberries, raspberries and huckleberries, poultry and meats, dressed and on the hoof, flowers—gay laughing blossoms that defy the austerity of the country and climate and bring cheer to the household—bread and cakes,



(Above) The skyline of Helsingfors, lining the semi-circular harbor, is impressive. (Left) The market is at the foot of the Esplanade. (Right) The station square is lined with *dröbkiei*.





(Above) Branches of birch leaves for the bath are an important item in the day's marketing. (Below) Every farm has a bath house. Water dashed over heated stones provides the steam.

house furnishings and other goods dear to the heart of the housekeeper.

The stalls are presided over for the most part by stout rosy-cheeked peasant women, picturesque in their gayly colored gingham and their inevitable kerchiefs tied over the head and under the chin. These women, rotund and complacent, are the picture of health as they sit in rows before their trays of produce or fuss about their booths seemingly indifferent to trade, but eager enough to sell when the buyer approaches. Boats are drawn up alongside the quay and from these the fishermen and country folk sell fish and the products of their farms.

There is never-failing entertainment to be had by wandering along the avenues of stalls and carts containing their bewildering variety of wares and among the crowds that are seriously intent on the business of buying. The spectacle is like a kaleidoscope that turns before your eyes and at every turn introduces a new range of spectra and combination of figures. The market gets under way at an early hour and between nine and ten is at the height of its activity. From ten o'clock it is a dying one until, like the Arabs, the market

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people gradually fold their stalls and steal away—not, it must be confessed, with the same silence, however. Promptly on the minute of noon a delegation from the city's street cleaning department appears with great hose and businesslike brooms and makes short work of the litter and débris, all that remains of the scene of activity and color so short a time before. In a few minutes the immense, stone-paved plaza is immaculate, given over once more to the prosaic traffic of motor and horse-drawn vehicles.

Architecturally the finest section of Helsingfors is Senate Square which is flanked by noble buildings built in the classical style. On one side is the imposing Senate House, nearly seven hundred feet in length and designed in 1822 by Engel, who enriched the city in the two decades of 1820-40 by many fine buildings, and who is known as the father of Finnish architecture. Opposite is another palatial structure, the University, also the work of Engel, which has a student body of more than 3,000, a large number of whom are women. Towering above the square on its north side is the gigantic bulk of the Lutheran Church of St.

Nicholas, set on a huge mass of granite and reached by an immensely broad flight of forty-five steps. From every part of the city and from the sea the enormous bulk of the church is seen.

But the most striking architectural feature of the city, because it is so surprising, is not a cathedral or a government building or a university, but the railroad station. In contrast to its surroundings I can only compare it with the Pennsylvania Station in New York. Flanked by an immense treeless granite-paved square the station, in the severe almost brutal northern style, after the design by Saarinen, Finland's most distinguished architect, stands like a mighty monument, typifying the faith of the Finnish people in the future transportation needs of the city and the nation. One might expect to see such a building in Paris or Chicago, but for a city of small dimensions in a country of little wealth and commercial development it is remarkable. The interior of the station is disappointing and does not reflect the grandeur of the exterior. In time, doubtless, as traffic increases, the undeveloped interior will be enlarged and extended.

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Finland shows greater self-expression in its architecture than is revealed in the other far northern countries. I asked an American professor, who was visiting Finland to gather material for a social and economic study, why he had chosen Finland for his subject, and his reply was that the Finns are more responsive to their environment than any people in Europe. In many of their public and semi-public buildings this characteristic is evident. Under the leadership of such architects as Saarinen it has developed the northern type and tradition of architecture to a greater extent than any of its neighbors. This characteristic is seen more in the public buildings than in private houses and business structures, although many banks and other semi-public buildings have been successfully developed with striking effects. The Finns have seized upon this new architecture, resembling nothing in the countries to the south, and have adopted it with conscious pride. It gratifies that strong sense of nationality that has taken fresh hold of the imagination of the people since the year of independence, 1918. The museum in Helsingfors is worth mention, for it not only expresses effectively the new



The great railway station at Helsingfors expresses, in its flaunting size and magnificence, the faith of the Finnish people in the future transportation needs of the city and nation.



(Above) Alexandersgaten is one of the principal business streets of Helsingfors. (Below) Senate Square, Helsingfors, here shown during a review of the Civil Guards, is the architectural center of the city.

northern note but it is a model of what a museum ought to be. Most museums are veritable labyrinths, conundrums for the uninitiated, snares for the unwary, places seemingly without entrances or exits. Once you get in you are never sure which rooms you have visited, which you have missed and how to see everything without duplication and get out. In the museum at Helsingfors the rooms of each floor are so arranged that they empty into one another, so to speak, and finally into a stairway which leads to the floor below, so that the visitor is sure to see everything once in the most convenient way.

It seems to be a custom of the northern capitals to have outdoor folk museums where the rural architecture of the country and the early history of the people may be studied. Stockholm has its Skansen, Christiania its Bygdo, and Helsingfors its Folison. Here, set in a natural park, on an island a few miles out of the city, are various types of farmhouses from different parts of the country and from successive periods of the past. In the earlier days life in Finland was more picturesque than it is now, although more austere



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and devoid of comforts. In the Folison museum you may see how the ancestors of the Finns lived—their houses with heavy timber interiors, their great stoves of field stone, their shelf-like beds fitted around the main room, and the high platforms half way to the ceiling where the wayfarer was given sleeping accommodations, a measure of half privacy to him and to the family. There are also among these survivors of former times an old timber church of ancient lineage and a church boat, capable of seating a hundred people, which conveyed the folk of the lakeside to the distant church across the water. Other relics of the past are seen in their natural environment, among the trees and by the water, so that the people of the present day living in a luxurious age may see how their more heroic ancestors lived and moved and had their being. And if you want to see how they dressed you have but to visit the national museum already referred to, where a great display of national costumes representing various sections of the country and from many generations of the past are on view. As you journey through Finland you will see an occasional native costume, colorful and pictur-

esque, especially on older women with whom tradition is strong enough to defy modern custom, but there no longer exist any communities where the national costume is worn en masse. Geographically Finland is one of the most remote countries in Europe, yet with the telephone, the radio and the aeroplane what parts of the civilized world can really be remote? A talk on the latest Paris styles broadcast by radio brings the fashion world within speaking distance of the remotest hamlet. Under these conditions how long can anything unfashionable, however picturesque, like a national costume exist?

While on the subject of costumes and customs, there is a society of young people in Helsingfors which was formed for the purpose of perpetuating the ancient folk dances which had almost entirely disappeared with other customs of the past. At Folson I witnessed one of these dances by a group of youths and maidens quaintly appareled in copies of old costumes from the different provinces of Finland. They commenced their dancing in the great room of one of the ancient timber farm houses and then, as dusk fell, they continued out-of-doors.

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They were extremely picturesque as they went through figure after figure, bowing gracefully to each other, saucily snapping their fingers in each other's faces, making use of their feet like clogs and going through all sorts of graceful manœuvres. A movement like this enterprise which is trying, in an age of hustle and jazz, to perpetuate some of the finer things of previous generations is a commendable undertaking and is having encouragement from the government. That the fox trot and waltz are more popular in Helsingfors must be admitted but these old dances are the more picturesque.

The government, too, is lending its aid in the rehabilitation of the handicrafts that once characterized Finnish cottage industry. In earlier days home weaving was extensively carried on and now societies and commercial companies are endeavoring to revive both weaving and wool working which have fallen into disuse. Examples of the modern weaver's art may be seen at the show rooms of some of these societies in Helsingfors, and fine rugs, beautiful in texture and soft in color, comparing favorably with the finer oriental rugs, may be bought for reasonable sums. Indeed rug-making is a

native Finnish industry. When you visit the capital city of Finland you will, if you are wise, seek out a shop that has for sale some of the antique peasant rugs of the distant past and if you are lucky you will find one with quaint design and beautiful coloring and will bring it home to adorn the wall of your living-room. These antique rugs which are now quite rare yet are not expensive, have, in significance of design, something of the character of old tapestries.

Many of them are bridal rugs and tell interesting stories. In the olden days it was a custom when a man became engaged to start a rug for his bride with which to adorn the living-room floor. The designs employed were significant of the event. They frequently contained the date—I have one dated 1794—and the bride's initials, figures representing the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and not infrequently there was included a cosy house, such as they would occupy, and barnyard companions, such as chickens and farm animals. These rugs were embellished, too, with symbolic figures such as the tree of life, a burning candle, a star and other figures. Some of these

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*ryas* were made in gaudy colors and bizarre patterns after the order of North American Indian blankets, but others appear in the softest shades and the most delicate designs.

If you are a collector you will revel in the antique shops with which Helsingfors abounds. They are in some ways more interesting than similar shops elsewhere, because they exhibit articles indigenous to that part of Europe. In them you will find, among other things, old Russian silver, china and jewelry, samovars, ikons, large and small in silver and wood, and articles of purely Finnish origin.

And when you visit Helsingfors don't fail to take a *sauna*, the national bath, an institution quite peculiar to Finland. Even to-day the modern bathtub and hot running water, which are by no means features of every house, fail to satisfy the self-respecting citizen. Indeed, relatively few of the older houses enjoy this modern equipment, either because daily bathing is largely an Anglo-American custom or because the Finns prefer their ancient and more elaborate bath and refuse to be weaned away from it. The modern Finn must have his vapor bath once or twice a week and

in his own way. All the cities contain large bath houses where the original *sauna* is artificially but sedulously perpetuated. In the country, however, the *sauna* is at its primitive best. Every farm house is provided with an adjoining building which houses this important adjunct, and this frequently is the first building to be erected while the farmer is building a more commodious structure in which to live. The Finnish bath house consists of a room with a gallery, opposite which is an oven, built of rough field stones, in which great stones are heated. Upon these stones water is thrown which, instantly vaporizing, fills the room with hot steam.

In the public bath houses in the towns there are a number of such rooms. The bather mounts the platform which contains a wooden bench and which, being near the ceiling, is where the room is most stifling. The bather lies on this platform until he is streaming with perspiration. At this juncture the old bath woman whisks the body with a bunch of birch twigs on which the leaves still remain. If there is not a cleansing agent in the birch leaves there is produced at least a refreshing scent of birch

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in the bath house. After this the body is well soaked and massaged, following which the bather is introduced to a warm shower that gradually changes to icy cold.

In the country, where the sexes frequently bathe together, the people, after the bath, dress in the open air whether it be winter or summer. They remain outside until they have sufficiently cooled and then don their undermost garment, spending the evening in the living room in the greatest negligee. Where the bath house is situated on the lake shore, which is really the favorite spot, a plunge into the lake is the approved method of cooling off. In winter the hardiest youths roll in the snow drifts and, if the testimony of those who indulge in this practice is borne out, it is more invigorating and inviting than it sounds.

The Finns have inherited this vapor bath from customs of the early ages. Livy records that in his time the Scythians, living in what is now the South of Russia, produced hot steam by pouring water over heated stones in exactly the same way, warming themselves and washing their bodies in the vapor.

What a shock of surprise it is to see in some

remote place an object of familiar appearance at home. So interrelated are the nations to-day that countries in different hemispheres are near neighbors. In hundreds of places throughout Finland you will find on display packages of a brand of raisins packed in small containers to eat as a confection, nationally advertised in America, and in their original American wrappers. Even the price is the same, for two finmarks, the price there, is the equivalent of five cents in America. American harvesting machinery is found on almost every farm and is much preferred to the less expensive German product, and the name plates on numberless motor cars that ply the streets will be as familiar to you as the enamel direction sign on your own street corner. A young Finnish manufacturer from Tammerfors, traveling with me in the interior of the country, pulled out his package of American chewing gum after smoking and when tramping in the country and helped himself to a tablet, finding in it the same solace that many people at home enjoy. I asked him where he obtained so exotic a commodity.

"I got my dealer to order it," he replied,



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"and now he stocks it regularly. He finds sale enough to make it worth his while."

He was reading the English edition of one of William J. Locke's books. I gave him a copy of "Ruggles of Red Gap" and he begged me to take in exchange the Locke book which he had just finished. He had never been to America, but read during the course of the year many stories of English and American life. They made up his favorite reading.

Perhaps you will find other reminders of home in Finland. I had not foreseen the possibility of this in a place so seemingly isolated from all that was familiar to me. I was greatly in need of the ministrations of a barber and in order that his energies might be directed in the right quarter I inquired of the porter at the hotel the Finnish word for "hair cut." Rehearsing this to myself in monotonous repetition I found a well-equipped shop not far away. After waiting my turn I seated myself in one of the chairs and pointed to my head with significant gestures as the quickest method of acquainting the barber with my desires.

"Do you wish your hair cut?" he inquired in clear understandable English.

"Yes," I replied, "but you surprise me with your knowledge of English?"

"Well," he said, "a great many years ago, perhaps twenty, I worked in a barber shop in Brooklyn and there I learned English. Have you ever been to Brooklyn?"

"Rather," I admitted, "I have lived there since I was a small boy."

When I paid my check I proffered my former townsman a substantial tip for friendship's sake. But he refused it. It was a tipless barber shop!

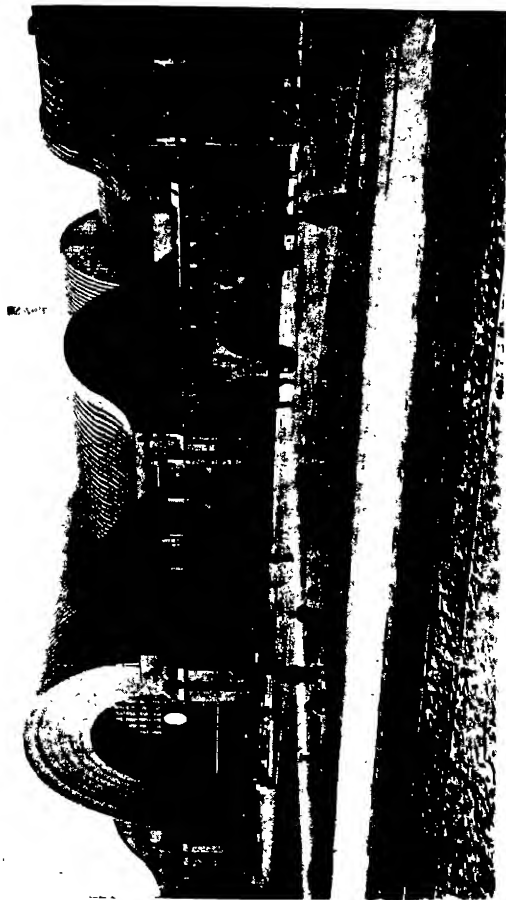
On the steamer trip between Stockholm and Helsingfors we had as companions, among a large number of others, a company of fifteen or twenty Russian Baptists of which, we were told, there are a million in Russia. They were making the return journey to Petrograd after attending an international convention at Stockholm which had just concluded its sessions. Their leader, a Russian pastor of Petrograd, who, I understood, had been allowed out of prison by the Soviet authorities for the purpose of attending the convention, invited me to visit his church in Petrograd. With the address of it in my pocket, written carefully in Russian, the

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characters of which I did not understand, I dismissed these pilgrims from my mind. A few evenings later I boarded the night train for Viborg and as I was busy finding my sleeping berth I suddenly heard in chorus the strains of "Shall We Meet Beyond the River" a hymn that had been familiar to me since childhood. It seemed odd to hear these strains in a railroad station in far away Finland and I hurried along the corridor to the end of the car. There on the platform of the opposite car, standing at attention, appeared the group of Russian Baptists that had lately been my fellow travelers; on the station platform below were a score of their friends, Russo-Finnish Baptists no doubt, singing the farewell in soft, musical Russian. It was an affecting scene, this godspeed to those departing for the unknown terrors of Russia. There was something poignant about it, made none the more cheerful by the selection of so lugubrious an anthem. Another hymn followed and when at its conclusion the train began to pull slowly out of the station there were frantic cheering and waving in a tumult of unintelligible Russian. One of the Russians, a villainous looking though presumably amiable citizen,



(Above) The fish-wives in the market at Helsingfors are a jolly red-cheeked lot. (Below) The market women at Uleaborg exhibit the feminine curiosity that characterizes their sisters the world over.



The Viborg railway station, completed in 1913, is an imposing structure in the new northern style. Finland leads Great Britain, Belgium, Germany and Austria-Hungary in per capita rail mileage.

with black dishevelled hair, dressed in the conventional smock and long boots of the Muscovite worker, hung out over the receding platform and, with hat waving furiously, shouted vociferous farewells in staccato accents that sounded more like the imprecations of a heathen fanatic than the godspeed of a Christian friend.

My last farewell to Helsingfors was waved from the deck of a steamer bound for Stettin, a ship flying the flag of youthful Finland. A large number of people were taking their departure and a throng was on the quay to see them off. The leave-taking was characterized by more than the ordinary amount of ceremony, because a prince of the Catholic church, who was returning home after an official visit to Finland, was thus the recipient, especially on the part of his co-religionists, of honors reserved for men of this sort. A few days earlier a Catholic chapel in Helsingfors had been dedicated with much ceremony, and it was for this dedication and to bring the papal blessing for the future prosperity of the church that the Cardinal from Holland had made the journey. The occasion seemed hardly to warrant the attendance of so high a dignitary and from so far

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away, to preside at the exercises of an enterprise of such small proportions, for, out of a population of nearly three and a half millions, there are only five hundred Roman Catholics in all Finland. The Lutheran Church is so strongly entrenched that even the Greek Catholics, backed by a century of Russian domination, and a Russian population in the border provinces at the southeast corner of the country, cannot muster 50,000 adherents.

The sailing time was drawing very near. An air of expectancy prevailed. Suddenly some motor cars appeared and from the largest descended a figure clad in scarlet cap and ecclesiastical vestments, and made his way through a line of waiting bystanders. The arrival of the cardinal was the signal for many bows and much ceremonial handshaking. Some of these greetings were more profound than the others. The Polish Minister, representing the most Catholic state in Europe, bowed low and kissed the papal ring on the Cardinal's hand. The priests and other officials of the local church likewise bent the knee and kissed the sanctified hand. After bidding the various officials good-bye he slowly mounted the gangway and as the steamer

swung out into the current sought a place by the rail and lifted his hands in silent benediction on his people.

Out through the harbor, we sailed past the islands that stretch like monsters before the gate of the city and reached the open Baltic. Once more Helsingfors dwindled into a grove of spires and domes glinting in the afternoon sun, and then disappeared altogether. We peered ahead to catch the first glimpse of Reval, capital of the Baltic State of Esthonia whither we were bound.



## CHAPTER III

### A TRIO OF FINNISH CITIES

**T**HERE are three important cities in Finland, ranking next to the capital in importance, which are scarcely known to the outside world; Abo, the ancient capital, and at one time the greatest city; Viborg, the largest and most historic town of the West, and Tammerfors, the industrial metropolis, the Pittsburgh of Finland. Of course there are, in each, aspects common to all, and yet each of these towns differs from the others. To know the urban life of the nation you must visit them. A latitudinal line drawn a hundred miles north of the southern, or Baltic, boundary of the country would take them in, for they are all in the south of Finland.

The most historic and in some ways the most picturesque, city of Finland is Abo, for centuries the kingdom's principal mart. Founded by the Swedes, who came in the twelfth century to introduce Christianity and to conquer, it ante-

dates the founding of Helsingfors by four centuries. A cathedral was built and finished about 1300, a university founded in 1640 and Abo, nearer Sweden than any other city of the south, became the center of religion, learning and government. Not until the Russians, successful in their war with Sweden over the sovereignty of the country, annexed it as a Grand Duchy did Abo lose its preëminence. Then in 1812 Helsingfors, because of its greater remoteness from Sweden and her influence, was made the capital city.

Abo is like a miniature Stockholm for, situated at the mouth of the tiny river Aura, where it empties into the Baltic, the city is a water-intersected town accessible to shipping, and the little passenger boats bringing people from the surrounding country land their passengers, as in Stockholm, on the city's streets. It is this parked and tree-lined river that gives the center of the city its principal charm. From any point along its course the cathedral is visible, set amid attractive grounds, its lofty spire reflected in the placid waters beneath. Bridges spanning the narrow waterway present animated spectacles as the unhurried life of the city streams

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over them, promenades flanked by arching trees line the banks, row boats, sail boats, motor boats, steamers, and many kinds of working craft cast their reflections in the idly moving river. A wooded hill, tastefully parked and provided with outdoor restaurants, tea gardens and their accompanying orchestras, rises sharply on one bank and is crowned by an observatory, below which the city stretches in splendid panorama.

It is almost pathetic the way in which Finland presses her rather feeble summer into use through her outdoor restaurants. You will find these open air resorts making a brave front in all the larger cities, and regardless of the state of the weather they are patronized by people who frequently eat their meals or sip their coffee or linger over their cups of tea within the protection of hats and overcoats. Finland has many summer days of delightful warmth when it is pleasant to sit at leisure in the open air, but there are others when the wind, blowing from the north, makes you quite content to seek the shelter of the friendly indoors. With our days of unbroken sunshine and long periods of uninterrupted warmth, it is a strange thing how

relatively little use we make of the open air in dining and in taking our leisure. Open air restaurants in our American cities are a rarity whereas Paris, with its far less dependable climate, boasts outdoor cafés and restaurants in every street, and the German cities with their uncertain weather are plentifully supplied with summer gardens. Nevertheless, outdoor restaurants are a feature in all Finnish cities; some I have enjoyed under balmy skies, while in others I have shivered through many meals.

Spacious thoroughfares, low buildings and an air of leisurely calm characterize all the cities of Finland. Never have I seen a street in turmoil, never have I felt the insistence of traffic, not once have I felt the throb and grind of industry such as you find in the larger cities of Europe and of America. There are no crowds, no congested thoroughfares, no clatter of commerce, no stress. The towns of Finland are cities serene. Abo, the ancient capital, the university town, the cathedral city, faithful to type, comports itself with dignity and benevolent calm. Even though a stranger you feel at home. The leisure and quiet invite you. The people, you feel, have time to regard and talk to you.

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The building in Abo that most stimulates the imagination is the ancient Cathedral. It is, in a sense, a national shrine, for no other cathedral of hoary age exists in the Republic. It is a gaunt house of worship but mellow and of fine proportions and wears its seven centuries with becoming grace. Its situation, in prettily parked grounds by the river, is an effective one for, to the far observer, it stands alone, silhouetted against its background of living green, and to the observer near at hand it offers charming vistas and soft reflections in the river below. Its square brick tower and a portal devoid of ornamentation strike a note of rugged strength and virility and seem appropriate in this country of the far north where nature is elemental and stern unadorned essentials seem more in keeping with the spirit of the country than elaborate decoration.

Scaffolding covered one side of the cathedral and the doors were closed to visitors when I was in Abo but, picking my way among debris, I gained entrance at a side door where workingmen were busy carrying material in and out. The torn-up floor and interior scaffolding told the story of the overhauling and of the restora-

tions that were being carried out. The Finns are establishing the cathedral, their only ancient temple of worship, as a national shrine—a sort of Westminster Abbey—and are providing such mural decorations as shall restore something of its medieval Catholic glory.

The piers were being strengthened, other structural work repaired and large sections of flooring incident to this were being taken up, uncovering the vaults beneath. The excavations revealed strange and gruesome relics. There were metal objects in variety, chains and keys and wrought iron pieces, but the richest harvest was in skulls and bones of people long since dead. There were heaps of them, here and there, barrels filled to the brim and large wooden coffins overflowing with this ossified debris. In ancient times it was the custom to bury the dead of Abo under the floor of the cathedral and interments have been made under there since the thirteenth century. In 1784 the last person found his resting place under the stone flagging. There was an aristocracy of wealth, for positions near the altar fetched fancy prices; those who could afford less expensive resting places for their dead had to be con-

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tent with locations more remote from the sacred altar. Some of the ancient dead barely secured a foothold within the edifice and there were many graves close by the walls in the most remote corners. These were strange discoveries, lying around in jumbled masses, cheated out of the places they had rented for eternity, although none had held sovereignty for less than 140 years. Some indeed had been squatters for seven centuries.

The castle at Abo, a massive, severely plain building erected about the time that the cathedral was founded, is the most historic structure of the kind in Finland—a gaunt, unadorned château with massive walls which in ancient times commanded the approach to Finland and was considered the key to it. It was built on a titanic scale, for those were heroic days and life was a stern affair. The guides will show you a great central hall, galleried to the roof, where it was the playful custom of the reigning noble to hurl his captives to death from the topmost balcony, and the room also where in 1859 King John of Sweden imprisoned his brother Eric XIV for two years. Through the tiny windows Eric had a good view over the sparkling waters

of the bay but his cell in the upper part of the castle afforded little else than the chance for meditation.

Abo, in common with all the other cities of Finland, has its market place, an immense square in the center of the town which, in the afternoon and night, basks in solitary grandeur. At six o'clock in the morning activity starts with the arrival of the vanguard of peasants and itinerant merchants, their wagons and push-carts piled high with staging for booths of dry goods, boots and shoes, household utensils, meats, bread and vegetables. The booths go up as if by magic and the square is speedily transformed into an animated collection of buildings ready for the customers who begin to arrive early. Before long the market is in a ferment and the buying proceeds merrily. The activity subsides as the morning wears on and should you leave about noon and return an hour later, you would find that the market has vanished and what a few minutes before was a throbbing mart of trade is now a lonely and all but deserted square.

I have not mentioned the new university that has been fashioned out of the old seat of learning, transferred to Helsingfors in 1828 after a

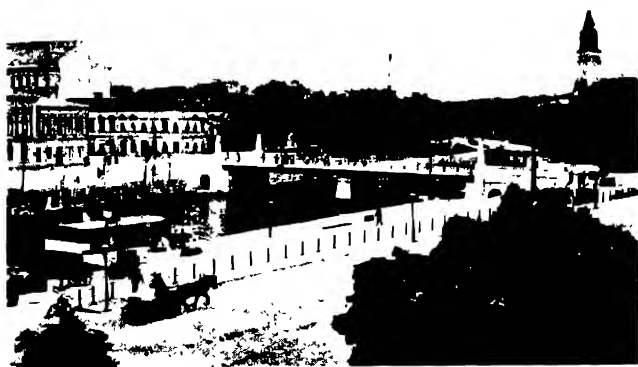


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great fire in Abo had laid the city waste, or the other educational features of Abo that have given it the title of "The Cradle of Finnish Culture." A scholastic air prevails in spite of the city's trade and economic importance which has also caused it to be called "Finland's Window Toward Western Europe." For culture and trade Finland's eyes are forever set on the West, and because of these Abo has an especial significance in the minds of the Finnish people.

Viborg, at the other end of southern Finland, is nearer the Russian border than any other important city of the country, yet despite its having been, with its adjacent territory, under Russian control for a century longer than the rest of Finland it shows little Russian influence. Fast trains used to make the eighty miles between Viborg and Petrograd, or Leningrad as it is now called, in two and one half hours, but uninterrupted service is no longer available.

Viborg, less metropolitan and modern than either Helsingfors or Abo, is, notwithstanding its great age or perhaps because of it, loosely knit and has little uniformity. The spacious streets are lined for the most part with low plaster buildings most of which are remnants



Abo, intersected by the tiny River Aura, is in many ways Finland's most picturesque city. Once the capital and largest city it is now second to Helsingfors.



(*Above*) The tower of Abo Cathedral can be seen from almost any point in the city. (*Below*) The River Aura, which connects Abo with the sea, is crowded with shipping from the Baltic.

of the past and are set together without regard for unity. It appears, like Topsy, to have "just growed."

Like the other cities, Viborg, in its newer portions, possesses streets that are broad and tree-lined, running almost cheek by jowl with the treeless ways of the older sections where in more primitive times houses were huddled together for the protection afforded by such common intimacy.

Here you may experience your first service in a Greek Orthodox church. Most of the Russians, fearing to outstay their welcome, have long since shaken the dust of Viborg from their feet, but a handful remain to support the church services which are held in the rather imposing Russian cathedral fronting a broad square, its domes and tiny minarets stained a lively green making a conspicuous landmark. The service held here has elements of novelty.

Within the entrance, to the right, is a small booth where incense and candles are sold to the parishioners. Here the worshippers purchase a supply of these accessories of worship to burn before a favorite saint, with which the Russian calendar is plentifully supplied. Thus equipped,

the worshipper advances to the image or picture of his adoration, bows low and places before it the candles and incense, kneeling in prayer. Many people in the ardor of their devotion prostrate themselves, touch their foreheads to the floor before the portrait of Christ, kissing it in devotional reverence; and in order that the paint of this image may not be worn away by these good folk it is glassed over below the body. After making their rounds of the paintings and images, to each of which a profound bow is made, the worshippers take their places and stand throughout the service, for there are no seats in a Greek Church. The priests chant in Old Russian, a language not understood by the people, and at intervals emerge from behind the altar screen and swing incense before the sacred *ikons*. Periodically throughout the reading, at the mention of the Deity, the people bow low. While the service proceeds new worshippers arrive, purchase incense and candles, and do homage to the saints before joining their fellow parishioners in following the general service.

Like Helsingfors, Viborg has an imposing new railroad station, remarkable, in size and magnificence, for a town of its size, but the most im-

posing structure in the city is the ancient castle built by the Swedish Viceroy Torkel Knutson in 1293, coincident with founding the town. Before modern times this castle constituted the seat of Swedish power in the eastern part of the country and was the principal bulwark against the armies of Russia which continually sought possession of Finnish territory, and for centuries it was the bone of contention between the Russians and Swedes. Finally in 1710 Peter the Great made himself master of this stronghold and by the treaty of peace signed a few years later the province of Viborg was ceded to Russia. The location of this *slott* contributed largely to its impregnability. Situated on a tiny island, now reached over a bridge but then entirely surrounded by water, it presented a military problem of puzzling dimensions to the enemy. From its high tower, reached by seemingly endless steps, an extensive view of the city and surrounding country is gained, a decided advantage in discovering the approach of the enemy and the disposition of his forces.

In a tiny square facing the castle, across the narrow stream that separates it from the city, the Finns long ago erected a statue to the illus-

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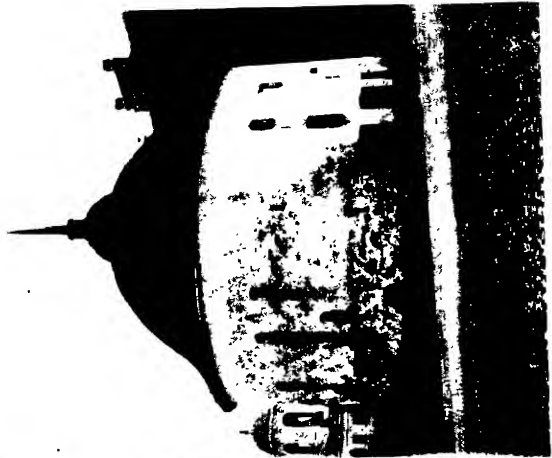
trious founder of the city. The Russians, after gaining control of Finland, wishing to strike the dominating note, selected a higher eminence on a rise of ground not far distant, and there, facing the statue of Knutson and in full view of it, set up a statue of Peter the Great. For years the Russian Peter looked down upon his predecessor of earlier times, to the chagrin of the citizens. But Finland's turn came at last and when its independence was declared a few years ago the Finns lost no time in unceremoniously dragging Peter the Great off his pedestal and shipping him back to the Soviet authorities in Russia, although these apostles of equality undoubtedly had little stomach for the image of so great an autocrat. Now where his image stood, symbol of autocratic power, only the pedestal remains to remind the Finns of the Russian Bear which never sleeps.

In the west again, Tammerfors, the third in this triumvirate of important cities, is the great industrial metropolis of Finland. The picture will inevitably arise in your mind of a city of narrow, grimy streets lined with unsightly brick dwellings, of gaunt factories cheerless and untidy, of a forest of tall chimneys belching forth



The castle at Abo, built in the thirteenth century, is the most historic structure of its kind in Finland. It commanded the approach to Finland and was considered the key to it.





(Left) Viborg is the fourth largest city in Finland but its Sunday traffic is negligible. (Right) At the end of Viborg's Esplanade is the market place with its curious round tower popularly called "Fat Catherine."

columns of hideous black smoke. As a matter of fact you see nothing of the sort. Tammerfors is the cleanest industrial city in the world and one of the most beautifully situated. It is clean because coal is practically unknown. The factories get their power from wood-burning furnaces and from "white coal"—the power generated by the rapids that intersect the city. Forests cover more than half the surface of the land and since Finland has no coal deposits wood, abundant and easily secured, has become the national fuel. Even the railroads depend upon it and the trains are drawn by wood-burning locomotives.

The situation of the town is superb. It stands on a commanding height of land lying between two immense lakes which stretch away on either hand and are lost in the distance. At one side of the city an extensive forest preserve overlooking an exquisite expanse of island-dotted lake and wooded shore serves as a public park. A splendid esplanade with six rows of lime trees runs through the town and partly encircles it and a cascading stream draining one lake into the other flows in a series of cascades through the heart of the business district, supplying

power to the steel and cotton mills that line its banks. Spaces along the water front unoccupied by factories have been parked and add greatly to the civic attractiveness.

The streets are broad and open and except for those where factories appear are more characteristic of a suburban town than of an industrial city. The streets climb gently upward until well to the top of the hill a belt of forest is reached, a part of the park reservation, on the summit of which rests an observatory commanding distant views over encircling lakes.

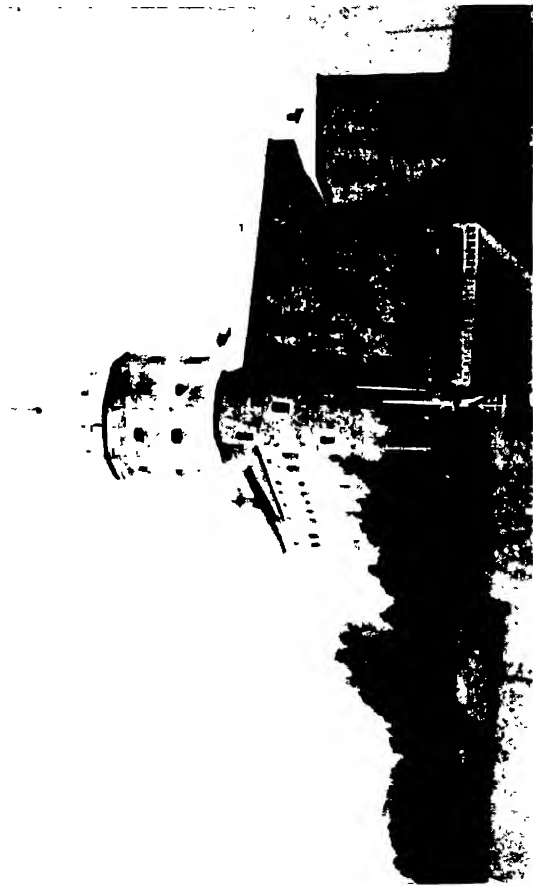
Tammerfors has also a significance to the new republic for it bore the brunt of the Red insurrection in the early days of the new freedom. Russian Bolshevist agitation had found the industrial population of the city fruitful ground in which to sow their seed of discontent and revolution, the workmen responding in eager fashion to the promise of economic equality. Tammerfors became the pivotal point of the uprising for here the greatest army of the discontented was gathered, here the Russian Communists concentrated their supreme effort and here they made a last desperate stand. It was really the decisive battle of the war, for with the



collapse of the forces here, entrenched about a city so well protected by natural position, the morale of the enemy was shattered, resistance elsewhere lost its character of hopefulness and was speedily overcome.

In the character of her cities Finland expresses the spirit of the Scandinavian countries, particularly that of Sweden. They possess a rugged vigor and a simple strength that is common to northern Europe. United to Sweden for centuries and with a pronounced admixture of Swedish blood it is not strange that the resemblance in architecture and custom should exhibit itself so noticeably, just as it does in their orderliness and cleanliness. There are, of course, many points of divergence and with the advent of the Republic the new sense of Finnish nationality, which is already expressing itself in all departments of activity, is bound to be reflected more and more in the aspects of her cities.

Finland, whatever its racial affiliations or the influence of those countries which have from time to time held dominion over it, remains essentially a land of the north influenced chiefly by its northern environment. The cold prolonged winters, the long light of summer days



Viborg's venerable castle was once the seat of Swedish power in eastern Finland, and the principal bulwark against the Russian armies that constantly invaded Finnish territory.



Tammertors, the Pittsburg of Finland, is beautifully situated on a rapid between two lakes. It is the cleanest of industrial cities, for its factory power comes from the river and wood burning furnaces.

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and the quick ripening of field crops is paralleled in the life of the people. Their characteristics are well typified in their success in the last Olympic games, in which they won practically all of the events calling for endurance, and in the endurance events of the Olympics of 1924 in which the same thing has been repeated.

In visiting Finland the American traveler fails to find the exotic difference from his own country that he senses so unmistakably in the lands of southern Europe. The greatest influences in America came from the northern people, and there is in Finland's towns the same underlying character that is found in the greater republic across the sea.



## CHAPTER IV

### SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE ULEA

**N**ORTHWARD ho! We are on our way up country to shoot the rapids of the Ulea River in a tar boat.

We have arrived at Nyslott to catch the boat for Kuopio in the center of Finland. Nyslott and Kuopio are typical interior towns of the Republic, one a watering place that was much frequented by Russians in the days before the war; the other a city of considerable importance. Of the former my guide book says: "It is picturesquely situated, mainly on an island in the Sound of Kyrönsalmi which connects the Pihlajavesi on the south with the Haukivesi on the north." Such pretentious nomenclature implies, surely, a place of undoubted importance. In spite of a brilliant day, however, its charms fail to attract us, for have we not, in true American fashion, traveled all night by rail and water to save a day on our journey and sacrificed all but thirty or forty winks of sleep?

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Landed unceremoniously on the quay at Ny-slott we forego a hotel because our steamer departs at one o'clock from the same dock for the overnight journey to Kuopio, so we go over and arrange our accommodations. This business being disposed of, we stroll over to the nearby market before breakfast for such amusement as it affords. As usual there are the stalls of the country folk with their little booths, improvised tables and wheeled carts overflowing with fish, vegetables, fruit and provender. Unable to resist the luscious wild strawberries and huckleberries which grow in such profusion in Finland, we buy a generous supply for a few marks, seek out a dairy which we find in the half of the scattered town across the river, purchase a supply of cream and there satisfy our hunger. *Kerma* is an important addition to our vocabulary, for Finland is a dairy country and cream is abundant. With strength thus gained we set out to explore the town. The same air of spaciousness that characterizes the other towns of Finland is here, the same squat buildings set on broad streets, the same absence of traffic preserves the serenity of the inhabitants. The grim castle of Olofsborg, which has been the

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dominating landmark on our approach by boat, rears its massive bulk above one edge of the town. Standing, as we discover, on a tiny islet in the middle of the stream, where in earlier days it presented a formidable bulwark surrounded by its natural moat, we must embark on a one man-power ferry to reach it. It is but a hundred feet or more over the swiftly flowing stream. Olofsborg has witnessed many a conflict since it was built in 1475 by the Danish born warrior of Sweden, Erik Axelsson Tott, and it has been an object of strategic importance in the constantly recurring wars between Russia and Sweden. It is the best preserved medieval castle in Finland and is an example of the severe Finnish baronial architecture of the period. Its outer walls are in a fine state of preservation, but not so much can be said of the interior, which is interlaced with endless stone corridors, from the narrow windows and battlements of which the views over the waterways are enchanting. Only one room has been completely restored; the rest of the structure is just as the stone masons of the period might have left it. Most of the historic buildings of this sort in Finland have suffered

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through neglect by the state and are in a condition of internal ruin.

The steamers that ply the inland waters of Finland are comfortable little vessels which pursue their ways contentedly along their sparsely tenanted routes, making no great business of their frequent stops, for at most of them a few moments' pause suffices. The passengers are few and we have a feeling of proprietorship in the affairs of the boat. There is almost the privacy of a yachting trip.

It is a wilderness through which we sail—broad lakes, narrow channels, island studded waters, wooded shores and silent, solitary landscapes of endless forests. The trip is enlivened by stops at tiny hamlets consisting of a few scattered houses and mere clearings where a passenger or two comes aboard or alights, or the meager freight of the country is taken on or discharged—a barrel of flour, perhaps, a few cans of milk, a bundle of roofing. At the larger of these stations women and children, bearing wooden trays of wild strawberries, crowd along the rail of the steamer, exhibiting their tiny birch baskets which are too tempting to be refused. At another stop we take on fuel. The forests

contribute generously, and great piles of corded wood, split and ready for the fire box, are waiting. Our few officers and crew—first officer, engineer, deck hand, all but the captain—assist in getting aboard the wheel-barrows of wood. While the fueling process is going on we have a brisk tramp on shore; when our bunkers have been amply replenished, the whistle blows, we cast off and once more penetrate the wilderness of islands and wooded shores. Little water traffic is encountered. An occasional steamer like our own makes its appearance and quickly disappears, a vagrant barge plows along its lonely way, giant log rafts in tow of puffing, straining tugs, moving along at a snail's pace, are now and then sighted.

Once we have a taste of excitement. I have been speculating on the sharpness of the turns from one channel into another and on the fortunate absence of traffic, and wondering what would happen if an unseen steamer moving in the opposite direction turned at the same moment as ours. We are in a maze of small islands and start to round a sharp wooded bend that screens our vision beyond. At that moment a huge barge looms in sight, forging along squarely

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in the middle of the channel. A collision seems inevitable. Our captain rings frantically for full speed astern and supplements his insistent signals by shouting down the speaking tube to the engine room. Are the men on the barge asleep? Our whistle, sharp, insistent, galvanizes them into life, a deck hand races along toward the bow, the vessel veers to port; but action has come too late. Straight for the barge we head and then hit it squarely amidships. There is a crash, our vessel shivers, stops dead in its tracks and backs away. Fortunately the barge is without much cargo and our momentum has been greatly reduced. We have no sense of fear, for the waterway is narrow and the shore is but thirty yards away. But we stay afloat. Presently we come to a lock in a short canal that connects the lakes and we get off and examine the damage. The sharp bow of our vessel has been neatly folded back just as a piece of paper might be creased. No break has occurred however and no vital damage is done. With nonchalance we pursue our course all night and next morning arrive in Kuopio without further mishap.

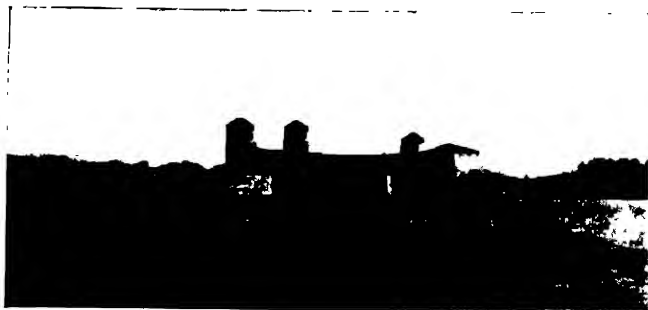
Kuopio, five times as large as Nyslott, has all

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the aspects of a city, even to a traffic policeman, imperial power in the center of the main street, though why any town in Finland needs traffic regulation must be a mystery to the visitor. Kuopio, true to type, has ample streets, low built houses chiefly of timber, a busy market place and an air of leisurely calm. It boasts of so little to see that, for the sake of exercise, we walk to the observatory set on a wooded knoll not far distant and are rewarded with a marvelous view of the town and the island dotted surface of the lake stretching away into infinitude.

Observatories, I know now, had their origin in Finland. Every self-respecting town in the Republic has one. You will look in vain for golf links, tennis courts are a rarity, but an observatory, for the recreation it affords, is always available, attractively situated on a wooded height commanding a view of splendor.

Here we leave our friend of the Foreign Office who, with his command of six languages, four of which have been called into use, has been guide and interpreter as well as friend. He waves good-bye as the train moves out for Kajana, where we are to catch our boat for the



(Above) The grim fortress of Olofsburg, built in 1475, dominates the approach to Nyslott. (Below) The market at Nyslott is a hive of industrious buying and selling.





From the observatory back of the city the view of Kuopio and of the chain of lakes beyond, broken by myriad islands, is typical of the countryside of central Finland.

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trip down the Ulea. We hear that accommodations are limited in Kajana and realize that if we are to get into the best hotel we must lose no time in reaching it. Our train puffs into the station, we dash for the line of station chariots, jump into the first, an open carriage of ancient vintage, shout directions to the driver and are off, only one other traveler getting away before us. Clattering up to the hotel, one of us pays the cabby while the other rushes in. Just two rooms left! We'll take them. Other travelers follow but the rooms are all gone. They must go to the other hotel. Congestion in Kajana! A scattered little town spread over much space without a building of more than three stories. Absurd! No. The hotels are bungalow-like affairs of one story with but a few rooms, a type of hostelry common in the smaller cities. No wonder the accommodations are quickly taken in the "best hotel," although there is really little choice.

It is late, but the evenings are long here in the north, and after supper we set off for the observatory, to enjoy the vast panorama of lake-land, stained crimson by the slowly setting sun. Broad horizons, billows of fleece hanging in the

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western sky, golds, crimsons, purples, shafts of transparent light, a crater of glowing flame, eerie twilight—that is a Finnish sunset. We walk in the growing dusk to a great paper mill situated on a bay in the lake, the waters of which are black with logs. The mill has a voracious appetite and consumes great quantities of timber that is floated down the swiftly flowing streams from the forest of the north. Finland is one of the world's largest producers of paper and pulp, and its giant mills grind with tireless energy day and night when the harvest of logs is at hand.

The early morning finds us at the steamer ready for breakfast on board. There are a lot of passengers for so small a vessel, forty or fifty altogether, among which are the members of a choral society whose director has been in America in a similar occupation. After breakfast we find places on the cabin roof and, sheltered from the wind, contentedly bask in the clear, warm August sun. Out over the sparkling waters of the lake we steam, the choral society enlivening the journey with songs that are familiar to Finnish ears. Before noon we reach Vaala and

## SHOOTING RAPIDS OF THE ULEA 73

step into the tar boats, moored in a row alongside the dock, for our journey down the rapids.

Forests of pine to the north and west exuding their precious sap brought these staunch river craft into being. In the days, not so long past, before the railroad had stretched its sinuous length to tidewater, the river formed the only means of transport, and for decades countless moulds of tar, loaded on these sturdy boats, made the descent of the rapids, and thence to the markets of the world. With the advent of the railroad the shipments of tar were transferred to the less adventurous route, but, thanks to the Finland Tourist Society, modern transportation has not been allowed to rob the traveler of one of the most novel and exciting river trips in Europe.

Without loss of time we are assigned our places and almost before we know it we are in the turbulent waters of the upper rapids and the descent begins. In each boat there are sixteen passengers sitting two abreast. A bow oarsman and a steersman manipulate the craft with marvelous dexterity. These men are licensed pilots who know every foot of the treach-

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erous river, navigators old in the service, veterans of the time when no other means of transport existed.

The first ripple of the falling river seizes us and draws us inexorably into the vortex of the augmenting current; the water runs swiftly now and, falling rapidly, is lashed into great tumbling waves; we run straight for a reef in mid-stream, but when we expect disaster a skillful turn of the stern oar alters our course and we miss it by a yard; on we rush with mad momentum through the boiling waters, keeping in the channel the current of which, like a tidal wave, hurtles with irresistible force along the stone bank of the stream we miss by inches. Marvelous control! No one seems nervous, the sheer skill of the navigators instills confidence and the excitement is all-absorbing. Now into the chaos at the foot of the cascade we challenge the fury of water that dashes six feet in the air. It seems impossible to live in such turbulence. We shrink from the drenching that we are bound to get. Foolish anxiety! We skim the surface with amazing buoyancy and only the faintest spray reaches us. With a sigh of mingled pleasure and relief we coast at last into swirling eddys

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of velvety smooth water. We've been half an hour in the rapids; it has seemed like five minutes. We make our way toward the shore where a motor boat waits to take us in tow to the next rapid and we glide along in serpentine formation, one river boat hitched to the other. An hour through gently flowing waters that are resting after their mad frolic and we come to the rapids of Ahmaskoski, meaning "glutton." They are well named, for their hunger seems insatiable as they reach out greedily to destroy the boats that venture through their flying pathway. Once more a breathless descent is made, brief duplicate of the other, and we leave our river boats, bidding good-bye to our pilots of steel nerves, and change into a huge launch of the Tourist Society. Just to give the journey a matter-of-fact air, tea and cakes are served in a little pavilion alongside our mooring place, and we chatter gaily about the trip. Through a smiling country of farms and woodland we sail, small interest after the thrills that have gone before. Finally we reach the rapids of Pyhäkoski—the Holy Rapids, named by the aboriginal Lapps in honor of the river gods. We can hear the roar of the first cataract even be-

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fore we reëmbark in the tar boats, in the first stage of its stretch of twelve miles. We take it boldly on the run and after the thrill of dashing cataracts we glide into swiftly flowing currents that disdain the indignity of turbulence. The stream is full of floating logs making their way from the distant forest to the paper and saw mills of the lower river. They swirl all around us. How easy for one of them to stave a hole in our craft and make us a prey to the river gods. But never do we more than gently touch their sides. The steersman is unerring. The long lines of captive logs, which we continually pass, chained end on end to keep the floating timber from stranding on shore, seem to be moving up stream, so great is our momentum.

Now for the final dash in the grip of the rushing cascade that stretches unbroken for six miles. We leave the swirling waters of the deeper current, our bow perceptibly drops and we are off on the last mad rush which lasts for more than half an hour. Oh, roller coasters, where is your thrill, with your few moments of artificial excitement? We are entering a shallow mountain gorge where the stream drops quickly between hilly banks forested by tall,

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stately sentinel firs and pines. We glide over the water's surface, plunge down steepes of leaping foam, escape hidden rocks through the uncanny skill of the steersman, threading our way through scores of floating logs almost human in their motion. The shores flash by, a swiftly moving panorama, along which on either side are salmon weirs, the attendants, if there be any, stopping at their tasks to observe us and wave a salutation. To such a dashing, rollicking stream as this the salmon love to come.

"Do these boats ever capsize?" I ask, the miracle to me being that any of them escape.

"Most of these men have piloted their boats daily, during the summer, for years and have never had an accident," is the reply.

On the seat in front of me sits an old lady. On the seat behind, sits another. Have they no fear? We inquire their ages from their younger companions. Over eighty, each of them! The journey is assuredly safe enough; they both live in nearby cities and are familiar with the perils of the river.

Down, down we glide, lulled by the cadence of the tumbling waters and the beauty of the somber banks of silent evergreens. Suddenly



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the mountain gorge breaks away, the river flattens out into a wide stream and beyond the placid waters, undisturbed by a ripple, we see the scant houses of Muhos where we know we shall get a supper of delicious salmon fresh from the river, and catch our lake steamer for Uleaborg on tide water. The last rapid, we learn, imprisons a horsepower of 292,000. What unbridled energy and force and how easily conquered by man! We have enjoyed one of the finest river trips in the world.

So we are at Uleaborg on the Gulf of Bothnia, almost at the Arctic Circle. We are met at the dock by the editor of the leading paper and comfortably installed in our hotel, a neat frame building of one story. In the morning we see the town, the most important in the north, view its great leather works; we mount the inevitable observatory, visit the market, stroll through the streets of diminutive wooden houses which, as usual, are almost deserted in spite of the fact that the town houses more than twenty thousand people.

At one o'clock our train leaves for Helsingfors twenty-two hours away. We settle ourselves



Shooting the rapids of the Ulea River in these sturdy boats is one of the most novel and exciting river trips in Europe. The navigation of these crafts calls for extraordinary skill.



Before the advent of the railway, the long, stout tar boats which carry the traveler down the Ulea formed the only convenient means of transporting the tar from the pine forests of the north to tide water.

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in the carriage and chat in English. Across the aisle a group of people who have been absorbed in the morning paper begin to stare at us. They whisper among themselves. More stares! I wonder at the cause of this curiosity except that we speak English, a rare sound in this part of the world. That is it. More covert glances! I am frankly intrigued by this scrutiny now. Then I remember! The editor who met us last night sent me two copies of the morning paper. One I kept as a curiosity; I produce it and turn over its pages. Ah, the secret is out! There is a column interview with me under a scare heading, all in Finnish but I make out my name. A fellow passenger translates the rest. I had given an interview without knowing and the editor had embroidered it suitably, as is the custom of editors the world over. The words he put in my mouth, however, were pleasant sentiments about his country, which I like, and I forgive him for the liberties he has taken. We continue to be the object of scrutiny on the part of our neighbors opposite, who have discovered our identity and introduced us to my interview which otherwise we might never have seen. An

English-speaking Finn, a young manufacturer of Tammerfors, joins our party and we learn how excellent is the economic condition of young Finland.

"Are you an American?"

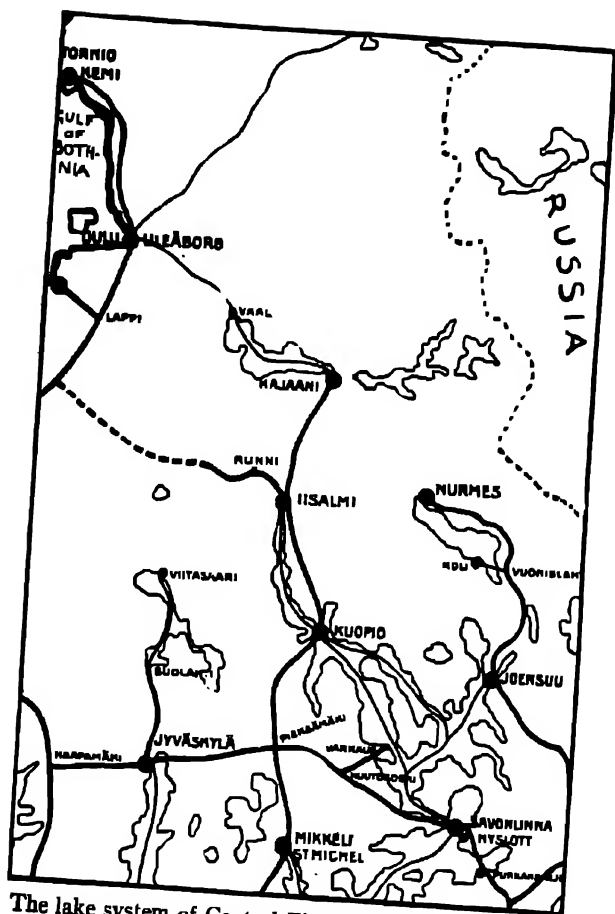
I look up and discover, leaning over the back of the seat in front, a young man who speaks English in the vernacular.

"Yes," I replied. "Have you ever been there?"

"I live in California," he declared, not without pride, and we became friends.

He was born near Uleaborg. A few years before, without any knowledge of English, he had emigrated to New York, picked up a job, drifted to California and there, as a carpenter, earned a daily stipend of ten dollars. Recently his father died and he had come back to settle the family affairs. Now he was on his way to the American Consulate at Helsingfors to arrange about his return journey and admission under the immigration quota. His sister was going to America with him.

"Don't all your old neighbors want to go with you, too?" I asked, thinking that his friends must know of his extravagant daily earnings.



The lake system of Central Finland, showing the route of the boat trip from Nyslott to Uleaborg.

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The workman in Finland makes a dollar and a half a day. Surely America is the land of fabulous wealth!

"Yes, many of them do. But I have told very few about my affairs," he replied. Most of them would be envious, many would believe him to be romancing. Why make them dissatisfied with their lot?

Southward ho! We run through a land of flat scrubby country, small towns, country folk who stand about the station waiting for the train to come in, the chief excitement of the day. It is late summer, the berry season is still on and the stations are miniature markets. At the more important stations women, girls and boys come to sell the passengers the product of their picking. In little shallow homemade baskets, dexterously fashioned from birch bark, they offer us wild strawberries of sugary sweetness, fat huckleberries and a native berry that grows in marshy land. At some stations the vendors spread out their wares on a counter of rough boards set up at one end of the platform, but in most instances they appear at the steps of the coaches and quickly dispose of their baskets for the equivalent of three or four cents. Wherever

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we have gone in Finland we have found these berry pickers and speedily formed the habit of patronizing them, for it is a novelty to eat berries, lately matured under the late northern sun, that have been months out of season at home. The dusk increases. We come to a junction and sleepers are attached. To-morrow at eleven we shall be in Helsingfors, the capital city of the Finnish Republic.



## CHAPTER V

### EUROPE'S GREATEST CATARACT

**F**INLAND being the land of a thousand lakes, it is not surprising that it should also be the land of a thousand cascades. The most impressive of these, the largest in Europe and indeed one of the great waterfalls of the world, is Imatra in southeastern Finland not far from the Russian border. Through a narrow channel not twenty-five yards wide and about half a mile in length the outpouring of thirty-seven thousand square miles of watershed, lake and river, hurls downward toward Lake Ladoga. Properly speaking, Imatra is not a waterfall so much as a gigantic cascade in the river Vuoksen which for volume and mad impetuosity is hardly surpassed anywhere, but it is one of the great natural wonders of Europe.

The conditions which have resulted in this tumultuous plunge of water are the product of a peculiar geological situation. First of all it

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should be said that Finland and the surrounding territory make up one of the three oldest pieces of land on the surface of the globe. Now this old land, which is at present almost impregnable rock, rock which even the sea can scarcely wear away, was, less than fifteen thousand years ago, covered deeply with the ice of the last vanished continental glacier of which we have record. At some time prior to the rise of this glaciation the land north of the Baltic Sea became submerged beneath the ocean and accumulated upon it great masses of sand and clay. As the eventual glacier receded it left great heaps of rock and gravel, brought down from the highlands of north Finland, to mark the places where it remained stationary for a time. These heaps, which upon a relief map of the country would seem to festoon the southern part roughly from southwest to a little north of southeast, are, in geological parlance, called "eskers" and are peculiar to glaciated lands. In Finland, perhaps because of the comparatively recent disappearance of the glacier which produced them, they are sharper and more clearly defined than at any other point in the world.

It may seem that this geological digression

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is irrelevant. If you look at the map of Finland you will see that it is not. For you will notice that all the way across the southern coast, fronting the Gulf of Finland, there is a strip of land about sixty miles wide within which there are no lakes and no rivers of much importance compared to those which appear immediately to the north. This is due to the fact that Salpausselkä, the most remarkable of the Finnish eskers, stretches from Lake Ladoga to the Baltic Sea, right across the country, damming and retaining all the waters which fill the many thousand lakes and rivers to the north of it. Here the ice, which so lately lay deep upon Finland, paused, met by a changing climate which could no longer feed its northern sources with incessant snow and keep it moving on. Here the great glacier hesitated and then began to recede, leaving this ridge of moraine material to mark its last advance. But as the ice melted and the waters accumulated in the hollows which it had ground out of the ancient Finnish countryside, pressing with all their power and weight against the wall, that esker gave way in its weakest portions and let the torrent through. The greatest gap came at the edge of what is now called the



Imatra, in southeastern Finland, is Europe's greatest cascade. Its imprisoned waters move with thunderous impetuosity of movement and inexorable force.



The forests of Finland which cover the shores of countless lakes and streams with their luxuriant growth of pine, spruce, birch and maple, form many enchanting views like this.

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Saima Lake System, where the vast accumulation pours itself down the Vuoksen River to form the great cascade of Imatra, the Niagara of Finland, the volume of whose fall is the greatest in Europe. Beyond Imatra the waters flow into Lake Ladoga, as I have said, and thence into the River Neva and past Leningrad to the sea.

If you are expecting magnitude of height you will, I may as well tell you, be disappointed in Imatra, but if impetuosity of movement, frenzied turbulence, sheer inexorable force are qualities that command admiration you will stand enthralled before the spectacle which in its narrow, rocky channel, crowned by the dark of evergreens roars up at you, the traveler. The cataract is not at its most impressive when viewed as a whole, but studied in detail the mind is able to comprehend its grandeur and understand the almost human motion that makes up its dynamic power. The great cascade resolves itself into a mighty mass of madly tumbling water. In detail you see the swift cadence of the flashing wave length, its destruction into ten thousand fragments, a mad plunge over an undersurface obstruction, a spinning pocket of

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foam, a terrific turmoil, then a smash that tosses huge jets of spray high in the air. The seething waters rise and fall, greedily licking the rocks with their myriad tongues. So titanic is the force and so mighty the roar that you expect the waters to recede like surf on the ocean sands. That is the only analogy, the only thing by which the mind can comprehend this magnificent turbulence. When, therefore, you leave the falls and return you are amazed to hear the steady thunder of the waters and the same tumbling, never-ceasing motion. Whence this exhaustless energy? It fascinates. Once more you are drawn to the cataract. Some titan's hand, some gigantic machinery must be stirring the waters to this ceaseless frenzy! How can such power go on perpetually? The answer is far away in the northern highlands, whose tiny rivulets, chattering brooks and dashing cascades are eagerly making their way to contribute to this frantic movement in the great convention of the waters. The complication of waterways making up the whole system that converges at Imatra and the distance traveled from their birthplace may be judged from the fact that the flood water which rises in the small and dis-

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tant courses when the snow melts in May do not reach Lake Saima, the reservoir of Imatra, until August. The power of these imprisoned waters may be judged from the fact that they flow twenty thousand cubic feet per second and imprison horse power of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand. Imatra is at last being harnessed by the Government and will soon be delivering electric current to the far away cities of Helsingfors and Abo.

The magnetic power of Imatra draws to it each year not only a multitude of travelers but many people who seek eternal sleep in the rapids' violent embrace. Out of the half-dozen each year who consign themselves to the turbulent waters of Imatra, only two people, so far as it is known, have ever survived the mad enterprise. The first of these was seventeen years ago when a woman leaped into the cataract at a point not far from the top. A few moments later, to the amazement of the bystanders, the cries of the victim were heard and, running to the bottom of the falls, they found her cast up on a ledge of rock, injured and half drowned but far from lifeless.

The other adventure of a similar kind oc-



curred several years ago in winter weather when a man jumped from the bridge at the top of the roaring cataract. Shortly after he too was found, quite conscious on an icy rock at the foot of the cascade. When his rescuers, who had gone for tackle by means of which to rescue him, returned to the scene, he complained bitterly and upbraided them for their delay. Apparently the cold comfort of an icy ledge, a berth of his own making, was more disagreeable than the fiendish current of the falls.

That even this infinitesimal percentage of desperate people was saved must have been due to a miracle. In a narrow waterway, rushing with relentless force for two thousand five hundred feet through a gorge lined on both sides by sharp granite ledges, huge boulders and jutting rocks, it is difficult to see how anything could escape the hurtling force of the waters.

That many people who essay the suicidal journey through Imatra do it with no preconceived intent but on account of sudden irresistible attraction is no doubt a fact. Few people could long contemplate a leap into such a demoniacal flood. But there are some whose plans for self-extinction in this manner are carefully

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made. A few years ago a master workman in a shop several miles from the falls was found lifeless at the bottom of the cataract. Investigation disclosed the fact that he had finished with scrupulous care some work on which he had labored for many days. When it was entirely complete he packed up his tools with much deliberation, left his things in order and set out for the rapids into which he plunged.

Such is the awful beauty of the great fall of Finland, but to most people Imatra, with all its ferocity of movement and irresistible force, is a thing of radiance and splendor, glistening under the noonday sun and weaving scores of graceful rainbows above its thunders, or, in the sunset hour, glinted with red and gold and touched with blue from the sky overhead, the northern sky which has so much of light.

## CHAPTER VI

### AT A RUSSIAN MONASTERY

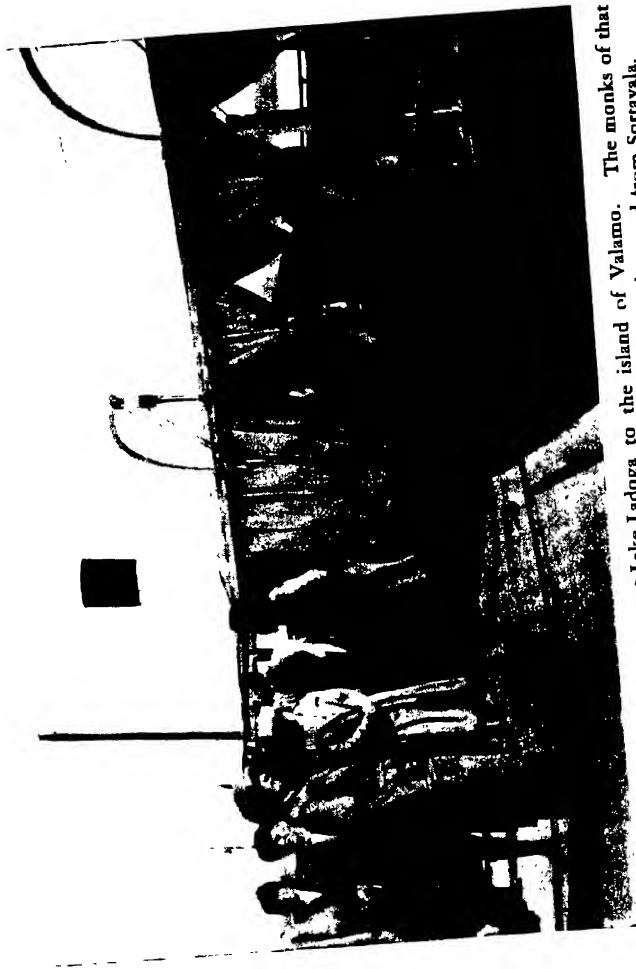
**T**HERE is probably no more isolated spot in all Europe than the island or tiny group of islands in the center of Lake Ladoga on which is situated the Russian monastery of Valamo. Ladoga, which is the largest lake in Europe, forms a part of the boundary line between Finland and Russia and so vast are its waters that from its center no land is visible. Its southern tip almost touches Leningrad and its waters drain into the Baltic through the River Neva which intersects the Russian capital. If the monks who founded Valamo in 992 were seeking solitude they chose the site wisely, for it is quite outside the lanes of traffic; the only turmoil that disturbs the meditation of the monks is the lapping of the waves on their wooded shores. It would be difficult to imagine a place more apart from the cares and the turmoil of the world than this.

For centuries Valamo has occupied an important position in the ecclesiastical system of the Orthodox Greek Church and has been the objective of hundreds of thousands of Russian pilgrims who have come long distances to worship at its shrine. At the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, thousands of these pilgrims flock to the monastery for worship and for the contact with the holy men who live there.

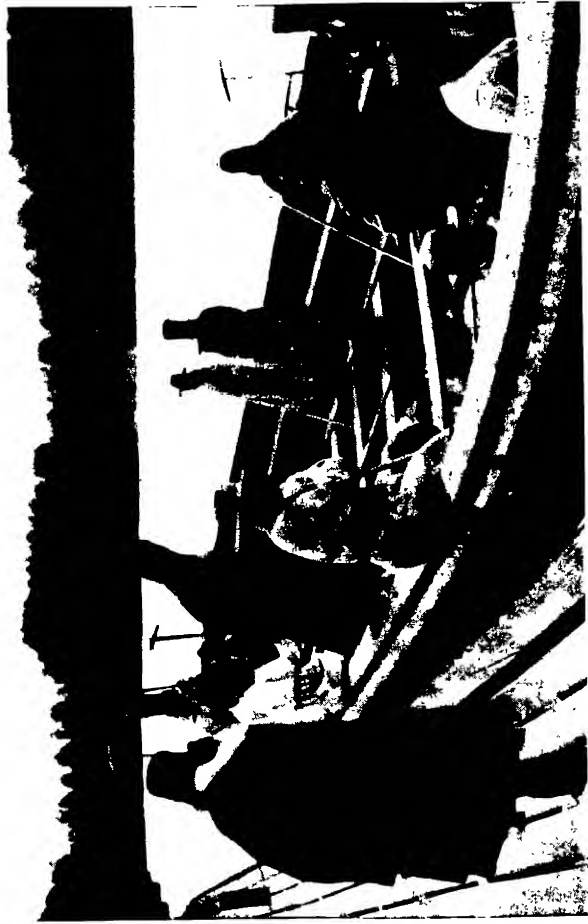
Your first introduction to the monks with their flowing hair, high boots, long black smocks and strange rimless stove-pipe caps is on the quay at Sortavala where three times a week the boat for the monastery embarks its passengers and freight. It is a novel sight, this spectacle of solemn monks in priestly garb playing the rôle of freight handlers, engineers, deck hands and ticket collectors. They seem strangely out of place in these commercial occupations, but they do the work like veterans and without the noise and confusion that usually characterize these labors.

With bundles of foodstuffs under your arms (if you are wise) you board the boat, the mooring ropes are cast off and you are under way. Across a bay the vessel sails, through narrow

waterways flanked by prettily wooded islands and stretches of mainland until, in rapidly unfolding panorama, the open lake appears. Scanning the horizon, straight ahead emerges a tiny speck of land in the inland sea which grows larger and larger as you approach. An enchanted island unfolds itself. Rising from a heavy covering of deep green foliage appear the gilded and tinted spires, bulbous, Oriental, of the church and chapel, gleaming in the brilliant sun of mid-day. Surely the dryads and fairies must have erected these strange buildings, on islands so remote, to look like pictures from fairy tale books of childhood days. What sorcery, we asked ourselves, was at work transporting us along the golden path of the sun over the glistening waters headed for a destination so strange? Were we on our way toward experiences strange and romantic? As we approached nearer, a fairy wand touched the enchanted islands and they became land and trees, and the spires and belfrys and towers were transformed into great buildings of stone and plaster. Finally we made our way past a peninsula whose chapel became a sort of welcoming beacon, and into the forest-lined harbor we sailed under the



The monks of that island of Valamo. The monks of that  
It is a three hours journey across vast Lake Ladoga to the island of Valamo. The monks of that  
medieval monastery run their own motor boat three days a week to and from Sortavala.



The gentle monks of Valamo are as good farm hands as they are Christians. In Summer, embarked in scows drawn by the monastery's motor boat, they visit the islands of the monastic group to harvest the crops.

shadow of the imposing Church of the Transfiguration and the immense buildings of the monastery, of alabaster whiteness in the flawless light of a cloudless day. Besides this great church of the monastery there are eleven chapels scattered over the group of smaller islands, some of them miles away, and services are maintained daily in most of them. The personnel of these tiny places of worship consists of only two or three attendants who live their solitary lives in adjoining quarters.

There are two immense guest houses attached to the monastery. One is set apart for the poorest pilgrims where, in the seasons of the great saints' days, they are crowded together regardless of comfort and hygiene. The other guest house, a massive four story building of stone and plaster, is for visitors of the better class who can afford to pay a small sum for accommodation. To this caravanserai were we led. A kindly faced lay brother of patriarchal aspect, with flowing beard and hair, long brown smock and cylindrical black hat, took us solemnly in charge and conducted us to our rooms. Since it was out of season, so to speak, we were each given a room to ourselves although at festival



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times such a luxury is not obtainable for each room, modest in size as it is, is designed for two people, and is furnished with two cots. The size and accommodations of each of these guest houses is equal to a big hotel. In the two combined, fifteen hundred visitors can be easily taken care of.

Is it necessary for me to warn the intending guest that life in a monastery is one of austerity and that no special luxuries are provided? The rooms, which stretch along both sides of long stone corridors reached by a broad, flagged stairway, are little more than cells and just large enough to accommodate the two cots, a chair and a table. Washing arrangements in this supreme example of the simple life are provided in a room on each floor in which there is not so much as a soap tray or a mirror to appeal to the vanity of the pilgrim. A single tap that flows apologetically into a long tin drain fulfils the requirements of the patrons, so that more or less public washing is the fashion. Owing to these somewhat limited facilities it is my conjecture that most pilgrims dispense with this rather worldly function altogether. Certainly during the rush season the single faucet, minis-

tering to a hundred guests or more, must prove a very much congested affair; the washroom in a crowded American pullman car would be an idle retreat in comparison.

The neat contrivances which masquerade as beds are in reality narrow platforms of wood. Springs there are none and varnished blocks of wood serve as an economical substitute for pillows. A thin mattress, to be sure, prevents the bones of the pilgrim from completely impaling him, but if he has been accustomed to sleep on springs of any kind he will be astonished to discover how many bones he really has in his body. As for me, being quite unaccustomed to sleep on a pillow of such slight resiliency, my overcoat, defying wrinkles, served me admirably. The greatest single problem to overcome, however, was that of the sheets. Only one is provided per capita and that is only wide enough exactly to stretch across the narrow bed. How to wind this around your body so that your pajamaed figure will not come in direct contact with a blanket that has covered countless Russian pilgrims who have no especial reputation for cleanliness, is a problem in soporific strategy. I am not complaining, for it would be quite ungra-

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cious thus to look a gift horse, or a horse that is almost a gift, in the mouth. The charge per day for rooms in this de luxe guest house is as little as twenty-two cents a day, a fact that I commend to the attention of hotel men in the United States.

For the foolish virgins who come without oil, so to speak, there is a small dining-room or, more properly speaking, cafeteria on the ground floor, reached through almost endless stone-flagged corridors. Here guests may buy food of a simple nature. Black bread, monastery baked, that in taste defies all classification, butter with a flavor that lard ought to have and which, I have a certain conviction must have been this product, having caught a glimpse in the kitchen of a leaf lard pail with a Chicago label, cakes of various sorts, little red packages of a well-known brand of California raisins seven thousand miles from home, tea served in glasses with an abundant supply of boiling hot water in an immense brass samovar, and a variety of other articles were for sale. We rejoiced in the fact that we had not known of this restaurant and had purchased at Sortavala a generous supply of *knackebrod*, creamy butter, cakes and

cheese, so that, until our food gave out shortly before departing, we were well provided for. On the night of our arrival the monk in charge of the guest house brought to our room, as a mark of distinction, a great samovar of bubbling hot water and a pot of strong tea. The samovar with its copious supply of hot water makes the preparation of tea an easy matter and it is small wonder the Russians are addicted to the habit of drinking it so freely. The smouldering charcoal in the metal cylinder of the samovar keeps the water at boiling pitch and it is not only tempting but so simple to pour from the teapot a few spoonfuls of strong tea, turn the faucet of the samovar and gain a steaming glass, repeated with the greatest ease to the accompaniment of cakes or cigarettes.

We inquired the time of the morning services, not because of any strong devotional feeling, but because we wanted as far as possible to participate in the life of the monastery. We were quite satisfied with the start we had made over a frugal evening meal, to be followed with becoming abnegation by a night of repose on a bed of wood. Three o'clock was the hour, we were informed by our friend, the monk of the guest

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house, and life immediately seemed drearier. It was accordingly arranged that we should be called to participate in the morning devotions.

In spite of the cheerless character of the beds, which induced sleep only after long and careful wooing, during which process we had counted great flocks of sheep going over a stile, breathed deeply to simulate peaceful slumber, counted backward and invented new expedients, and then only produced slumber of fitful variety, three o'clock found us oblivious to all men and resentful, upon being aroused, that the monks of Valamo should depart from an observance of the eight hour day. But we had joined the union and there was no choice.

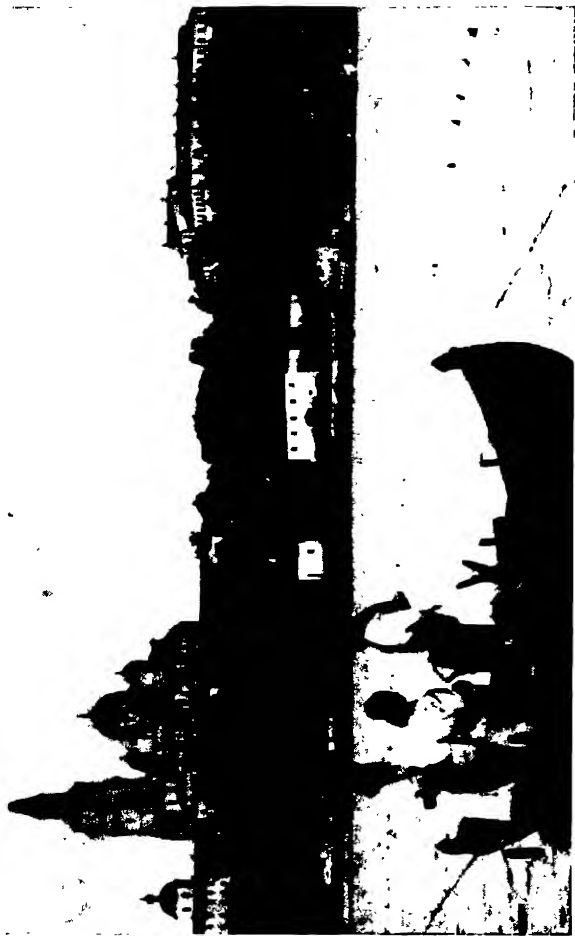
We went out in the early morning light, for we were far north there. Crossing the monastery grounds we ascended the stairway of the church to the service which was even then under way. This imposing edifice, with its great central vaulted roof upon which rises the high bulbous Byzantine spire, is a gorgeous affair. Its walls and ceiling are elaborately adorned with murals from the life of Christ, exquisitely wrought. Pictures of saints, of which there are legions in the Greek calendar, covered every

square foot of the surface. Even the square pillars which support the high roof are adorned on each side with *ikons* of saints and the holy family before which a curious form of lamp, resembling a group of candles, shed a pleasant glow. The center of the church is unobstructed by seats or pews, for, of course, in a Greek Orthodox church the worshippers stand. A few benches placed along the walls serve the convenience of the aged and infirm.

In the center of the floor facing the altar a monk, arrayed in a long black gown, was reading the service in deep, monotonous cadence. Before him was a great book out of which he read in old Russian, a language equally clear to us as the modern variety but not understandable to our companion who actually spoke modern Russian. About the floor of the church other monks stood reverently following the services while one or two, overcome by the infirmities of age sank into the benches along the walls, so pitifully old that with difficulty they maintained the appearance of standing which, out of respect to the service, they wished to do. Every few moments in response to the intonation the worshippers bowed and crossed themselves. At in-

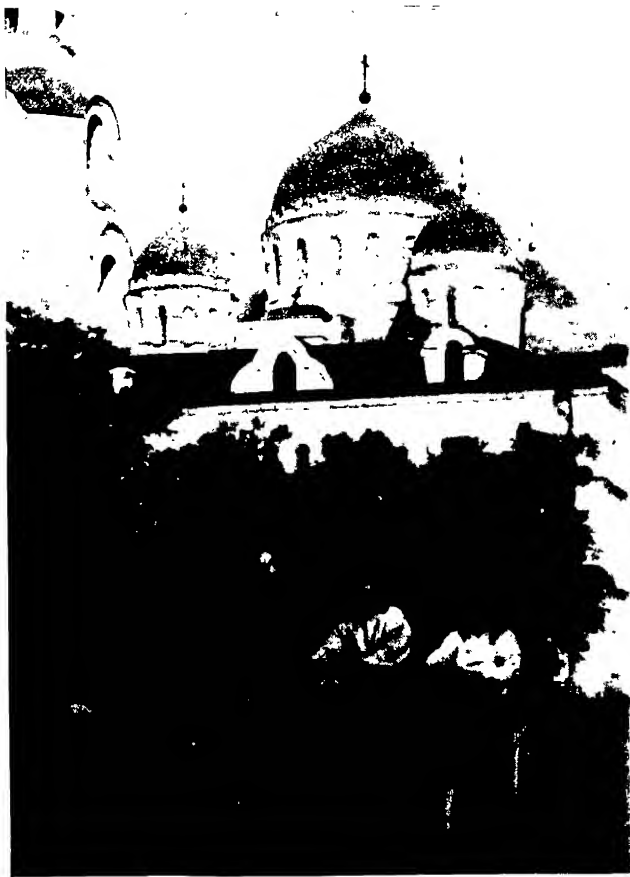
tervals a monk appeared from behind the altar screen and, solemnly bowing low, swung incense before each *ikon* on the altar. At less frequent intervals he descended from the altar platform, after his ministrations to the *ikons* there, and made the complete circuit of the church, swinging incense and bowing profoundly before each painting and image. This was a fairly long process because there were a great many *ikons*. On each of the pillars there were four, one on each side, and before each he approached, swung the censer and bowed gravely. The bow of the worshipper in the Greek church is not an inconsequential nod but a low obeisance from the waist. Monks constantly came and went as their time and inclination permitted. Those who retired first advanced to the image of their patron saint or the object of the adoration for that day, bowed profoundly, crossed themselves and passed out, sometimes kissing the image before doing so.

Meanwhile the lay worshippers, among the pilgrims who had come to do honor at this holy shrine, had taken their places on the floor, and as the service progressed bowed and prostrated themselves, at times fervently touching their



The monastery of Valamo, situated on an island in the center of the largest lake in Europe, was founded in the tenth century. Here several hundred monks live their solitary lives.





The monks at Valamo supply all the needs of the monastery. There are bakers, shoe-makers, tailors, mechanics, plumbers, dairymen, dentists, doctors, artists. The principal building is shown here.

foreheads to the ground. Here was a bearded Russian moujik, typical in high boots and blouse, following the service with serious demeanor, bowing with scrupulous care when the Deity was mentioned and at times completely prostrating himself; there a peasant woman, completely absorbed in the ardor of her devotions, pitifully flinging herself on her knees and touching her face to the cold marble floor before the shrine of the Virgin.

Now and then a choir, concealed behind the altar piece, made a brief response to the service and the monks and pilgrims alike broke into a frenzy of bowing and crossing. And so the service, in the cold solemnity of the early morning hours wore on in tiresome monotony until the Host was borne out and communion observed. Our reflections began to grow worldly. We thought of the less cold comfort of our wooden beds, of the sun that was already up, of the service in the chapel below that followed this one, beginning at five and continuing until seven, and of a third service in the main edifice at 8:30 lasting until 10. The prospect of five hours and a half of early morning devotion appalled us and we very weakly succumbed to the weak-

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nesses of the flesh and sought our cheerless rooms before the five o'clock bells chimed out their summons. There may have been greater variety to the later portions of the morning service, but this unhappily I shall never know. The hour was against it.

The monastic establishment, which consists of three or four hundred monks, is almost a self-contained community. Practically every activity necessary to maintain the temporal and spiritual life of the inhabitants is carried on. There are, for example, a bakery where the great loaves of black bread that supply the table are baked in huge ovens, a boot factory and a clothing shop where wearing apparel is made, a pharmacy well provisioned with drugs which the monk in charge told us had received a generous contribution of medical stores in 1921 from the American Red Cross, a dental office, an infirmary, an art studio, a dairy, and a mechanical shop from which repairs to the monastery are carried on and new construction, when needed, is planned. Each shop or department is in charge of a competent monk skilled in his calling. For instance, the art studio would do credit to a commercial establishment. Here artist

monks execute the paintings for the churches and chapels of the monastery and paint, as well, the small *ikons* which are sold to pilgrims in the little shop at the entrance to the monastic grounds. These *ikons* painted on tablets of wood are exquisitely wrought, the workmanship is of the finest quality. This little shop caters both to the worldly minded tourist and the devout worshippers, selling, in addition to the images, post cards, rosary beads, burnt wood work and souvenirs of various other sorts. It is all good advertising material for the monastery if the thought of publicity enters into the minds of the monks and is the object of the selling. The profits from this shop must be considerable, especially at the time of the important pilgrimages.

The dental office is in charge of a dentist monk and the infirmary is presided over by a doctor in priestly garb. Two or three times a year a doctor from Sortavala journeys to Valamo to make a general examination of the brotherhood, supplementing the work of the resident doctor and keeping him in touch with the latest developments in medical practice.

The hospital is an important part of the in-

stitution. While the life of the community is a rigorous one the men seem to thrive under its hardships and most of them live to a green old age. One monk has known no other home for fifty years. A number have been at Valamo for thirty or forty years. In the infirmary are men too old and infirm to leave it and these indigents are cared for tenderly by their brothers. Their spiritual needs have also been provided for by a special chapel, adjoining the hospital and opening into it, where daily services are held. In one of the tiny cell-like rooms we were ushered into the presence of an old monk, both deaf and blind, asleep on his hard cot, fully dressed even to his boots. He had reached the age of ninety-seven and was waiting in patience for his summons to the heaven for which he had given up all earthly comforts and pleasure for two score years or more.

A fine library of old and modern books of which the librarian monks are justly proud caters to the intellectual life of the brethren and a small museum contributes its limited resources to local science.

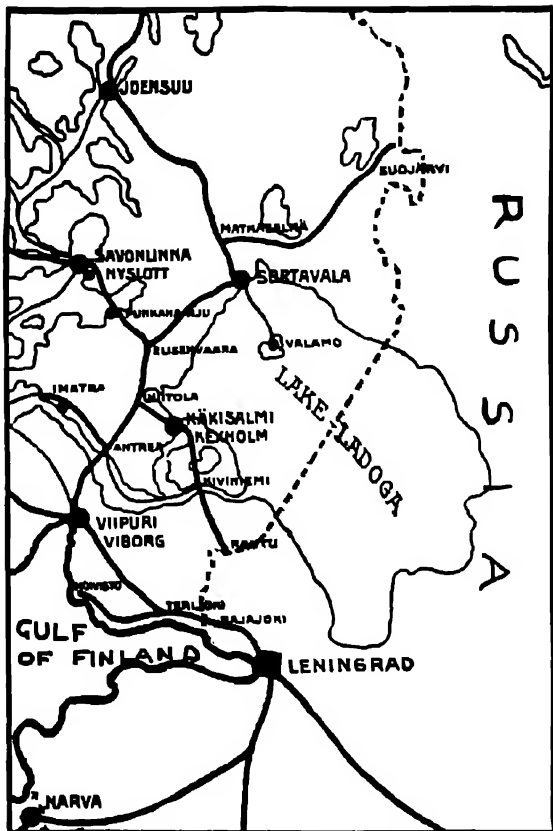
While many of the monks are specialists some of them appear to be jacks-of-all-trades. We

saw them in their long smocks and tall black hats solemnly painting the monastery roofs and armed with long rakes embarking in a commodious barge bound for an adjoining island to harvest the crops. At all times and by every one the priestly garb is worn, except that the monks devoting themselves to agricultural pursuit exercise some latitude in the matter of head-gear, the curious stove pipe turbans in some instances giving away to straw hats of frivolous and rakish design.

The ranks of the brotherhood are recruited from men who come first as novices and who in a space of two or three years advance into a somewhat higher degree. At the end of a five or six year period these novices become full fledged monks, after which, having gone through the preparatory stages, they progress into a fifth degree of holiness and become priests, devoting their time to spiritual affairs. Those who have not reached the priestly rank perform the various tasks to which they are best fitted.

Meal time in the monastery presents an animated spectacle. At this function monkish restraint is cast aside as the hungry workers satisfy the cravings of the flesh. Their dining hall

is a rectangular chamber of considerable length and the monks sit at long refectory tables, on benches without backs, quite in the tradition of monks of all time. At one end of the room the priests eat at a common table; at the other are gathered the monks who have not yet attained that rank. The former, in spite of their greater importance, seemed to me to be less fortunate for, during the meal, they are preached at by one of their number who mounts a miniature pulpit and talks as his fellows eat. There, it seems to me, the monks go too far in self abnegation! The monks of lesser rank on the other hand had free rein to devote themselves to the business of the moment and they went to it with a will. The intimate community plan of the meal I am bound to say would hardly suit our ideas of hygiene for the stew, which smelt and looked appetizing enough, was eaten spoonful about out of a common dish. One doubtless gets used to this delightful promiscuity in eating but seeing the spoons dipped into the bowl in rapid succession after having been in the mouths of their respective possessors failed to make me envy meal time in monastic life. There are more inviting table companions even under less

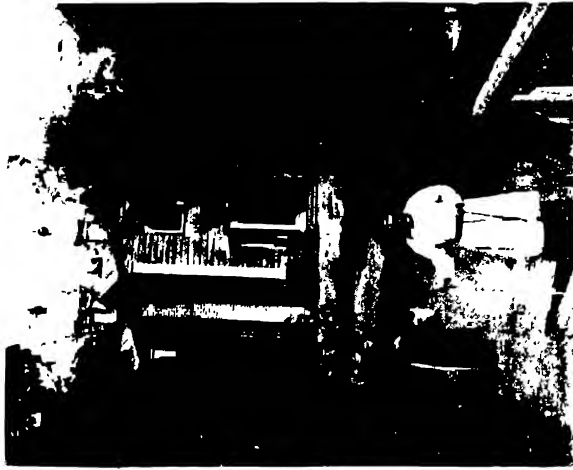
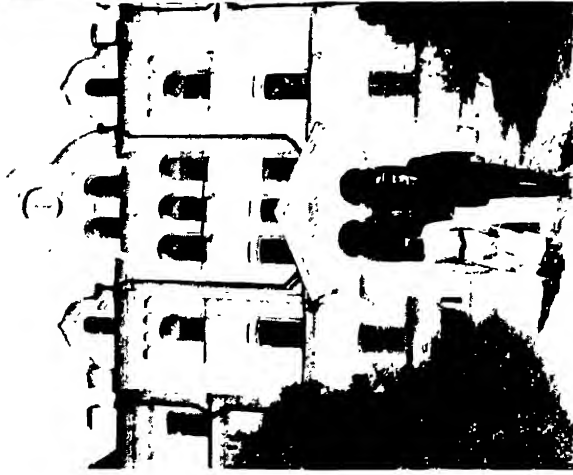


Southeastern Finland, showing Lake Ladoga and the island of Valamo.



intimate circumstances than bearded and grisly Russian peasant monks.

When you have gone this far you have by no means seen the monastery in its entirety. You have yet to visit the other islands that make up the group on which the community is situated. There is Jerusalem, for instance, a church on an adjoining island which contains in its basement a replica of the tomb of Christ in the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine. One of the monks who have their living quarters nearby will let you into this special chapel with a ponderous key and conduct you to the low ceilinged room which marks the equivalent spot in the original church where the holy manger was situated. On a pedestal at the entrance to this innermost chamber is a minute piece of mineral, protected by a crystal covering, purporting to be a fragment of the stone which Mary rolled away from before the tomb of Christ. None of us was greatly impressed by the authenticity of this relic, but since we were not pilgrims in the strict sense of the word the holiness of the shrine did not suffer through our skepticism. Then there is the Holy Island two miles to the eastward and the churches of the



(Left) This guest house at Valamo accommodates pilgrims who can afford to pay a trifling sum for lodging. There is also a building for those who cannot pay. (Right) The monastery at Valamo maintains eleven chapels scattered throughout the group of adjacent islands.



The church at Lojo, with its elaborately frescoed interior, dates from the fourteenth century and is representative of the religious edifices of that period.

saints, John the Baptist and the Virgin Mary, on still other islands attended by their monks who, in their loneliness and obscurity, hold the torch of Christianity aloft, in its Greek orthodox form, in the stillness of the wave-lapped islands. We didn't visit these outlying frontier posts, however, leaving something new to be seen on some later pilgrimage.

We did climb at sunset to the top of the belfry of the great church at Valamo and were rewarded with an enchanting view into the setting sun which must be a constant inspiration to these monks who climb to see it if, indeed, any of them ever do. I suspect, however, that the only monk who seeks refreshment there is the one whose task it is to ring the chimes and I have a feeling, too, that he does his chore in so work-a-day a fashion and is thinking so much of his adamantine couch which he left at two-forty-five to sound the call to early service that even he rarely pauses to seek its uplift. What a riot of joy and impatience these bells of Valamo sounded—

Ting a ling ding—Boom

Ting a ling ding—Boom

Ting a ling ding—Boom

tripping over each other in their anxiety to be heard. These gay little chimes interrupted by the deep note of the giant bell, prefaced every service in the monastery, and their eager melody stayed with us for many days. The view was beautiful in every direction, of the distant shore to the west, of the tiny islands of the monastic group with their spires and towers rearing their heads above the greenery, and beyond them to the south the limitless expanse of the inland sea. But the view along the golden path of the sun was the one that held our gaze and mitigated the pathos of the evening hour, for at the end of that path lay the world, people who lived joyously, the throb of train and the hum of commerce, the friends and companions of our choice, and to-morrow we should follow this rainbow trail. We had experienced twenty-four hours of spiritual solemnity and we longed for the fleshpots of Egypt.

## APPENDIX

**I**F the reader of the foregoing chapters should be inspired to make a journey to Finland and visit the principal places of interest there, he may find this practical chapter of value in planning his tour.

Finland can be reached from the European mainland by several routes. There is a daily steamship service from Stockholm, the boats of which run on alternate days to Abo and Helsingfors. Leaving Stockholm in the evening you reach the Finnish cities on the following afternoon. This route takes you through the vast archipelago of the Baltic, a constellation of more than thirty thousand islands strewn in the sea off the Finnish coast. It is a trip that, of its kind, is unequalled in Europe. There is a direct steamship line from Hull in England to Helsingfors, the vessels of which maintain a weekly schedule and call at Copenhagen on the way. The running time between Hull and Helsingfors is four days, from Copenhagen to Helsing-

fors two days. A bi-weekly steamer service to Helsingfors is also in operation from Stettin in Germany, a few hours north of Berlin. The time required between Berlin and Helsingfors is two days. The final alternative is a steamer journey of six hours across the Finnish Gulf from Reval in Esthonia, but this route necessitates a long land journey across the Continent and through the Baltic provinces if you make the journey from a point in Western Europe.

Arriving in Finland at Helsingfors and proceeding from there on a circular tour of the country your first stop is at Viborg, which is an overnight rail journey from the capital, in comfortable sleeping cars. Your next stop on the way is at the cascade of Imatra, but two hours further on. Leaving Viborg by the mid-afternoon train you arrive at Imatra in time for dinner. The hotel at the cataract, which is owned by the Government and is one of the best in Finland, is situated directly above the rapids.

If you possess a venturesome nature and have included in your itinerary a visit to the Russian monastery on the island of Valamo in Lake Ladoga, you should make your departure from

Imatra by a morning train in order to reach Sortavala in the afternoon—the town on Lake Ladoga which is the port on the lake nearest the monastery. Here a motorboat operated by the monks makes its departure shortly after the arrival of the train and lands you at the monastery in time for your frugal dinner. Since the monastery boat runs but three days a week it is well to ascertain its exact schedule in advance, and it is also well to remember that the visitor must remain on the island of Valamo for forty-eight hours to await the return journey of the ferry.

Returning to Sortavala your next objective is Nyslott. On the way you change from the train to a steamer at Punkaharju, a favorite summering place of the Finnish people, which is remarkably situated on a narrow forested ridge thrust between two lakes offering enchanting views. After a few hours' steaming, through heavily wooded waterways, you arrive at Nyslott.

Embarking here at one o'clock in the afternoon on another lake steamer you reach Kuopio the next morning after a wonderful sail through an immense chain of island-studded lakes whose



In Finland there are two official languages, Swedish and Finnish. Swedish is generally employed in the southern and western sections, while Finnish is the predominating language in the rest of the country. Except in the principal cities of the south, English is little understood, but in the Scandinavian countries the educated people of Finland usually have a working knowledge of English.

THE END



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